POWERFUL NEW SERIAL JUST STARTED (See Inside.)

PLUM-TREE'S HOME-MOTTED MEATS SOLD EVERYWHERE PLUMTREE SOUTHPORT

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST, TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

"NO BETTER FOOD." DR. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., etc.

FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA

Lavishly endowed with all those properties so essential to the Support, Building Up, and Strengthening of the System.

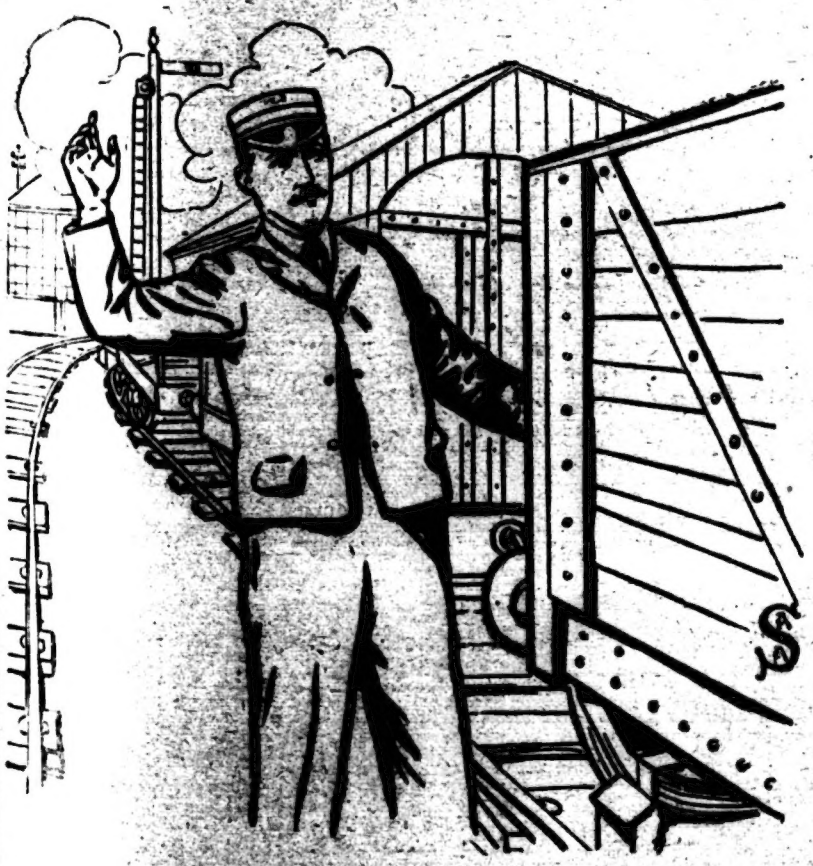
300 GOLD MEDALS &C.

No. [illegible].] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING APRIL 10, 1902. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A RAILWAY SHUNTER and

DR TIBBLES' VI-Cocoa

"ITS STRENGTHENING AND SUSTAINING QUALITIES CANNOT BE EQUALLED."



MR. HENRY WILLIAM JAMES, 2 Cambridge Cottages, Uxbridge Road, Rickmansworth, writes:—

"I, William James, have pleasure in recommending Vi-Cocoa, and I have always found it refreshing. Its strengthening and sustaining qualities cannot be equalled, and since using it have entirely given up tea and coffee in preference to it. Whilst performing my duties as Shunter at Rickmansworth Passenger Station, Metropolitan Railway, I always find it very nourishing when fatigued. My brother, Charles James, 136 York Road, King's Cross, also highly recommends it, as he uses no other, and he is also employed on the same line as Ticket Examiner, at Bishopsgate Street Station. You may make what use you like of this Testimonial if you think it necessary."

"UNDOUBTED PURITY AND STRENGTH."—*Medical Magazine.*
"IN THE FRONT RANK OF REALLY VALUABLE FOODS."—*Lancet.*

DR TIBBLES' VI-Cocoa

FAVOURED BY THE HOMES & HOSPITALS OF GREAT BRITAIN.
DAINTY SAMPLE TIN FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.
Address: Dr. TIBBLES' VI-COCOA Limited, 60 Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

DAINTY SAMPLE FREE.

NOW IN THREE STRENGTHS
MILD, MEDIUM, & FULL.
GALLAHER'S "TWO FLAKES" TOBACCO.
In 1, 2, & 4oz. TINS, secured by patent band.

KAPUTINE

THE SAFE REMEDY FOR

HEADACHE

Any Chemist or Stores can get it for you; 1/- per packet of 18 doses. Send stamped envelope for Free Sample.

KAPUTINE LTD., HUDDERSFIELD.

"LET'S TALK OF GRAVES." Shakespeare.

51 Articles For 25/-

CUTLERY J. G. Graves' "Enterprise" Parcel 25/-

Contains 6 Table Knives, 6 Table Forks, 6 Dessert Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, 1 pair Sugar Tongs, 1 Mount Sugar Spoon, 6 Egg Spoons, 2 Mustard, 1 Salt Spoons, 1 Silver Mounted Bread Knife.

J. G. Graves is the only Manufacturer who supplies direct, and the whole of the Goods are manufactured in our own factory in Sheffield.

HOW TO PAY.

Send 2/- with order and complete purchase in six more payments of 2/- and one of 4/-; or, if you prefer balance in one sum within seven days of delivery, J. G. Graves will forward a SPLENDID PAIR OF CARVERS AS DISCOUNT. If not satisfied, return the Parcel and your deposit will be refunded.

Send Post Card for No. 1 ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST of Jewellery, Clocks, etc., Post Free.

GOOD AGENTS wanted in every town and village. Good Commission. Write for terms and particulars.

J. G. GRAVES 23 Division Street, Sheffield.

"I say, Bert, why don't you make your own cigarettes."
"Because Jack, I can't make Ogden's 'Guinea-Gold'"

Play PING PONG

PIONEER CIGARETTES.

The Richmond Cavendish Company Limited, Liverpool.

The 'E.R.' CORONATION KNIFE AND FORK.

Plated and beautifully etched "Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock," and 'E.R.' CORONATION, 1902. Unbreakable; will stand hard wear and hot water; easily cleaned. Knives well ground and sharp, Forks well plated.

Half-doz. each (Table Size) Knives and Forks, and
Half-doz. each (Dessert Size) Knives and Forks.

Carriage Paid to any address in the United Kingdom for 12/-.
Sample Knife and Fork, post paid for 1/-.
Direct from the makers:
BOSWELL, HATFIELD & CO. LD., Mary Street, SHEFFIELD.

FITS CURED

From the first dose of Guerine fits cease. It has cured, permanently, the very worst cases of Epilepsy when every other remedy had failed. Price 4/6 and 11/-, post free. Thousands of Testimonials. A Sample Bottle sent free if this Paper is mentioned. Test it. D. W. NICHOLL, Pharmaceutical Chemist, 23 High Street, Belfast.

SPLENDID WEDDING & BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

CROCKERY—21/-

We Sell Direct to User—
Straight from Manufacturer to User.

We Sell on Sale or Return. Ask your old China Dealer to do this, and he will tell you to go to Jericho and take your money with you.

1 Dinner Set, 47 pieces, printed } Unique Designs.
1 Tea Set, 32 " " } Chaste Patterns.
1 Breakfast Set, 32 pieces, pure white, finished in gold. ALL FOR 21/-.
Samples 1/-, Patterns Free.
The DIRECT SUPPLY POTTERY Co., Manley, Staffs.

TO CYCLISTS.

BARTLETT

Easiest to Detach.

Adopted by H.M. WAR OFFICE.

The First Detachable Pneumatic Invented, A.D. 1890.

Have no Wires.

Adopted by H.M. POST OFFICE.

Still unequalled for Quality and Durability A.D. 1902.

SOLE MAKERS—
NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO. Ltd., 57 Moorgate Street, London, E.C.
WRITE FOR BOOKLET.

JUNO CYCLES ARE THE VERY BEST FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

Free Wheels. Carriage
£7-5-0 or 12/4 Monthly.

Scorcher Brake, 1s. Trip Cycles for New Season's List ... 500 illustrations. Sent Post Free.

METROPOLITAN MACHINISTS CO. LTD.
75A Bishopsgate Street With ... Piccadilly Circus ...

Dr. ALDEN'S ELECTRIC BELT ... without Drugs ... high-pr... scriptive ... stamp ... Truss ... Rd., Finsbury Square, London.

MACKENZIE'S SW...

SOUTOUMA

THE FAMOUS SWEET.

Made from the finest ... Well known for its ... flavour. Most nutri... and 6d. Sold Ev...

Sole Mfrs.: S. J. MACKENZIE ...

Read the Instalment of "As a Man Sows" on page 647 before you read *anything!*

"AS A MAN SOWS," the New Serial. Start reading TO-DAY.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

The Grand New Serial Story, *"As a Man Sows,"* appears on page 647.

No. 612.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING APRIL 10, 1902. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [ONE PENNY.

Her Face Changed.

"WHAT has become of Miss Blank, who was always such a favourite in your set?"

"Her father failed some weeks ago, and all they had was sold by auction."

"Poor thing!"

"And now they have to live in a little house in Brixton."

"What a change! How she must feel it."

"Yes. She is so much changed that even her best friends would not recognize her. I met her in the street to-day, and did not know her at all, poor thing."

ETHEL: "Did you notice Captain Dash's tie to-night?"

Mary: "Yes, but it is his moustache that always tickles me."

LITTLE BOY: "Mamma, are you really going to marry an Italian count?"

Pretty Widow: "Yes, my pet."

Little Boy (delightedly): "Oh, then I can have the monkey to play with, can't I?"

A Point Overlooked.

THE prosecuting attorney in a law-suit had waxed specially indignant at the defendant, whom he characterised as an "abandoned, baneful, cynical, diabolic, execrable, felonious, greedy, hateful, irresponsible, jaundiced, knavish, lazy, meddlesome, noxious, outrageous and profligate rowdy."

"The learned counsel on the other side," said the attorney for the defendant, when he rose to reply, "should put his adjectives in a hat and shake them up a little before using. You must have noticed, gentlemen of the jury, that they were in regular alphabetical order. This shows that he selected them from a dictionary, beginning with 'a.' He stopped at 'p,' but in his manner of reproducing them he has given us the 'cue' as to how he got them."

This turned the laugh against the other lawyer, and he lost his case.

"No, I'm not very well impressed with the house," said the prospective tenant. "The garden is frightfully small; there's hardly room for a single flower-bed."

"Think so?" replied the agent; "but—er—mightn't you use folding beds?"

THE staff was working late. The manager, busy over some documents, had his head in his hands. A client, entering the office, jocularly remarked:

"Resting on your oars, eh?"

"No," came the reply, "but we are working with our sculls."

Sheffield Yet!

IN the midst of all the outcry about foreign competition—for much of which there is only too much reason—it is gratifying to remember that Sheffield cutlery still holds the premier place. The world's record in that line is still held by the Yorkshire city.

In the way of pocket knives, Sheffield has from time to time shown some surprising productions. One firm exhibited a knife that was only five-eighths of an inch in length and one-eighth in width, yet it was a perfect pocket knife of steel, brass, and ivory, and had twenty blades. Another specimen of fancy work in cutlery was one an inch in length, and had seventy perfect blades, every one differing from its fellows in shape.

A large knife possessed two hundred and thirty blades, but the makers decided to go rather beyond the cutler's province in this exhibit, for on each blade was etched the portrait of some celebrity or a sketch of some well-known monument or the like.

In the matter of blades, the most noted knife—of the ordinary pocket size—ever produced was that exhibited nine years ago. It was of steel, brass, gold, and pearl, and contained 1,840 blades. It was valued at £125. A 100-blade knife, made for George IV. in Sheffield, is still among the curiosities of Windsor Castle.

All rights reserved.]

The Return of the Tide.

LAST night our boats lay drifting, late,
  Upon the sea's unmoved expanse,
When, lo! some eddying swirl of Fate—
  Some current of capricious chance—
Broke chain from chain and heart from heart,
  And we were borne apart.

You southward went, to drift or lie—
  I know not how, nor when, nor where;
I underneath this northern sky—
  A frozen heart in frozen air—
Yet soothed by one sustaining thought
  Mine eyes to me have brought.

For this I know—all tides converge,
  Through dark and light, through calm and stress;
The southern swell and northern surge
  Some day shall meet and coalesce;
And all the freights those currents bear
  Shall meet some day somewhere.

Ah! what though black clouds hide the sky,
  And desolate trackless wastes divide?
Some day, somewhere, our boats shall lie
  Within the harbour side by side,
Where sorrow nevermore, nor pain,
  Shall sever us again.

Modern Society.

"WHAT is your impression of modern society?" asked the old-time friend.

"Well," was the answer, "I wouldn't like to have you mention it to mother or the girls; but my impression is that society is a place where a man who has worked his way up in the world from nothing to a millionaire is likely to get sneered at because he can't play ping-pong."

Comin' Awa' in Bits.

A COUPLE of Scottish ferrymen rowing a somewhat dandified Englishman out to a steamer at one of the Clyde watering-places, saw, to their consternation, the man tumble over the gunwale of the boat into the water.

The foremost ferryman dropped his oar and made a grab at the man as he rose to the surface, catching him by the wig, which came away in his hand.

Throwing this into the boat impatiently, he made a second grab, catching the collar of his shirt, when the collar and front came away in his hands.

Casting these away from him in great disgust, he cried: "Man, Donald! come here quick, and help's to save as muckle o' this man as ye can, for he's comin' awa' in bits!"

Rivalling Engine Shrieks.

A LADY, well-known on the concert platform, was travelling with a friend from London to Birmingham and just before reaching Oxford the engine emitted some particularly loud and piercing whistles. Our heroine pronounced the note to be C in alt., and was challenged by her companion to reach it.

There being no one but the two ladies in the compartment she responded with such effect that the sound of the engine was as nearly as possible reproduced. Whistle followed whistle, and to each an echo came from the throat of the singer.

This continued for some minutes, until all at once the train slowed down and then stopped. Heads went to windows, and it was evident something was wrong, for the guard was coming along peering into each carriage.

As he came to that in which were the two ladies, he inquired whether anyone had pulled the communication cord.

"No," was the reply here, but in the next compartment sat a lady, who replied in an agitated voice, "Yes, guard, I pulled the cord because I heard such terrible shrieks that I really thought someone was being murdered."

Explanations followed, and the guard was with difficulty molified, but the lady who caused the trouble and her companion could hardly restrain their merriment until reaching Birmingham.

Sensible Youth.

THE young man's father had decided that he had led a life of idleness long enough, so the other day he had him put to work in his shop.

Yesterday he asked the manager of the business:

"How is Charley doing?"

"First-rate, sir."

"Is he industrious?"

"Well, you see, sir, Mr. Charley's a very sensible sort of young gentleman. Some young men in his position would want to run the business, and give no end of trouble. But he seems as anxious as possible to keep out of the way."

DOCTOR: "Why, my dear sir, I thought you were ill from your telegram!"

Patient: "Ill! Never better in my life, but I'm summoned to serve on a jury!"

MR. FARGONE: "My dear friend, I am in despair. That girl's heart is as hard as steel. I can make no impression on it."

Friend: "You don't go at it in the right way. Try diamonds. They are harder than steel."

Insulting the Eagle.

A FEW days ago some Welsh colliers took a holiday at Swansea. Feeling hungry, they looked around them for a coffee tavern.

"There ye are, lads!" cried one, pointing to a sign over a door. "Come on!"

They entered the house and crowded into a large room, where a gentleman sat alone.

"Leek broth and toasted cheese and tay for ten!" cried the spokesman.

"What?" gasped the gentleman.

The hillman repeated his order.

"This is not an hotel!" cried the gentleman, indignantly.

"Not a cook shop!" cried the invaders in chorus. "What forr ye 'ave that fowl outside then?"

The "fowl" was the American eagle over the door of the American consulate!

"IF I were to offer to marry you," said a particularly disagreeable young man to a pretty young lady, "in what case should I find you?"

"In the objective," she sweetly answered.

"WHOSE little boy is this, I wonder?" asked the old gent.

"There is two ways you could find out," said the small boy.

"How so, my son."

"You might guess, or you might inquire," replied the small boy.

Beads by the Million.

VENICE has always held the palm for beads, and the beauty of her products has never been surpassed. In our own country, Birmingham is the centre of the industry, and should be making a good thing out of the latest fashion. Glass beads are made in the following manner:

Two workmen take the melted glass, coloured or uncoloured, from the pot, by dipping their blowing tubes into it; each man then expands the "gathering" on the end of his tube, opens the hollow bulb at the end of his tubes, and the two bulbs, while still very hot, are joined together. This done, the men walk rapidly in opposite directions, thus drawing out the hollow glass until it is a long rod of small dimensions. All this is done in a shed somewhat like a rope walk.

The rod cools very quickly and is broken into pieces about a foot long. These shorter lengths are annealed and cut again into mere fragments.

The next stage in the process is placing these fragments into a drum with a mixture of charcoal and plaster and causing the drum to revolve over a fire; the effect is to soften the perforated canes, as they may be called, and give them a rounded form, the charcoal and plaster dust preventing the beads from sticking together while soft.

If you want advice on love affairs, read Madge Morris's page in SHORT STORIES.

NOT ON THE PROGRAMME.

By Nolan of Castleknock.

"I THINK it's a beastly shame!"

"What?" cried Carstairs from the sofa.

"Oh! you're awake, are you?"

"Well, what's the row, anyhow?" and shifting his head to an easier angle, Carstairs lit a cigarette.

"Lester here, wants to play a rubbishy joke on a man called Chalmers. Remember him? He was a 'blue' in our year—pulled stroke."

"Rather quiet, well-set-up sort of chap—read a lot and never played the billy-goat. Took orders—or something?"

"Exactly. Nowadays he runs what was Lester's parish Church in the latter's days of innocence. Splendid old Sussex Rectory covered in roses and ivy, with a honeysuckle or two climbing the er—fam——"

"Keeps a bee, and so on. I know the sort of thing."

"At present he is organising a bazaar in aid of some local charity," pursued Glennon, ignoring the digression, "and has written begging Lester's assistance and that of any of his pals. Follow me?"

"Quite!"

"Well, what does Lester do but go right off to Bessie Boulter and show her the letter. Of course, the little wretch jumped at the chance of a 'lark' in the country, so behold Lester and she booked for the unsophisticated hamlet of Hollingdean, prepared to turn it, its unfortunate clergyman and his equally unfortunate flock, into a sort of bear-garden, on Thursday, prox."

"You're booked too, so's Carstairs," drawled Lester with sublime composure; "told old Chalmers one could sing, the other fiddle."

"Well, I'm—hanged!"

"No, dear boy, that's a treat in store. As for Bessie, she'll help the cause of Charity wonderfully. Can't you imagine her high kick fetching the rustics?"

"But the parson—does——?"

"Not he! She's comin' down as a respectable concert vocalist. Old Chalmers knows nothing of music-halls, so he won't tumble—and won't she knock the rustics, when she sings 'Round the Town!'" he added enthusiastically.

"Oh, I say!" protested Carstairs, "it's a little too thick. The poor parson—he'll be disgraced—may even lose his 'living.' Churchwardens, you know, would rather handle a leper than a music-hall artiste."

"Of course, I'll take the blame, if any," said Lester airily. "Chalmers is immune from guilt—even his worst enemy wouldn't accuse him of anything indecorous."

"I must be goin', now," he went on, tilting his hat to a proper angle, "got to make final arrangements with Bessie. We'll all go down together on Thursday morning—first-class reserved—my racket, of course."

Lindon and Carstairs gasped slightly.

"Oh, by the way," drawled Lester, as he opened the door, "I forgot to tell you chaps, Bessie has hooked Randown at last."

"What a shame!" both men cried in chorus.

"Yes—he's rather a beastly little pig."

"Does she care for him?"

"Not she. But the prospect of being 'her ladyship' is rather dazzling—at present. Later on—well, I'm sorry for her—awfully sorry."

"So am I," said Carstairs. "Bessie has any amount of good points. Pity her lines weren't cast in pleasanter places."

"Pity she never met a clean-handed chap—like Chalmers for instance," amended Lester reflectively. "He might have made of her—a rather fine woman."

* * * * *

Hollingdean's picturesque little village was *en fête*. Bazaars and concerts forming comparatively rare incidents in its sleepy existence were not to be lightly treated; and accordingly high holiday had been proclaimed for the Thursday, upon which the Rev. John Chalmers proposed to open his bazaar.

The Londoners arrived by the eleven thirty from Victoria.

Lester cool and suave, lazy and nonchalant Carstairs, and Glennon with all his scruples regarding the ethical side of Lester's joke clean vanished; and in their train came also Miss Bessie Boulter, whom the music-hall bills euphoniously termed "the idol of the West-end," and whose sprightly dancing and more or less questionable songs were wont to delight the *blasé* heart of London. Her lilac-coloured skirt, large hat and profusion of jewellery may have been a trifle fast for poor old sleepy Hollingdean, but none could deny the becoming effect on their owner—certainly the Reverend John Chalmers was not one of the number.

Her cheeks flushed with excitement, glowed like a peach, and for once in a while, the "funny" little pain in her left side which the silly old specialist had warned her against, had ceased its attentions, with corresponding good effect on her health and spirits.

"What a sweet, charming, mischievous face she has," thought Chalmers as he held her perfectly gloved hand in his, whilst Miss Bessie Boulter on her part saw a strong, but gentle mouth, fine aquiline nose topped by a pair of trustful grey eyes, that suddenly cooled her enthusiasm for the "lark" which she and her escort had come to play.

"It was awfully good of you to come, Miss Boulter, I can never be sufficiently grateful to Lester for enlisting your kindness in our cause!"

"Don't thank me, Mr. Chalmers," she said confusedly, "it is we who ought to feel grateful for such a lovely day in the country."

Chalmers laughed pleasantly—the advent of Miss Bessie Boulter lent an added buoyancy to the glorious June day.

"You people must be famished," he cried gaily, "so you'd better come to the Rectory at once and have some lunch; my mother is expecting you."

"By the way, Miss Boulter," he went on, opening the door which led into the Rectory garden, "I hope you will forgive my absolute ignorance about people in the musical world. When Lester told me you would sing at our concert," he went on with a laugh, "I immediately bought all the musical journals in the hope of learning something about your favourite songs, but——"

"Hello, old chap—put in a new window?" said Lester hastily.

"New window? Why, of course not. That is the oldest in the house and——"

"What beautiful roses."

"You like roses, Miss Boulter?"

"Like them! What do you think?" cried that young lady, relapsing for a moment into the vernacular.

"That is—I mean—I like them awfully," she corrected hastily.

"Then allow me," and before she could interpose Chalmers had already plucked a beautiful moss rose.

"Oh, how wicked!"—laughingly, but a colour that rivalled the rose stole into her cheek as she spoke, and the perfectly-gloved hand that received it trembled perceptibly.

Indoors they met Mrs. Chalmers, and the "idol of the West-end" who could be just as well-bred or as ill-bred as she chose, soon won the mother's as well as the son's good graces.

Luncheon over the men lit their cigars—the Reverend John with perceptible elation of spirits—Carstairs and the other men with equally palpable gloom. The unexpected is proverbially trying.

Later on they escorted the ladies to the bazaar, now in full swing, and here the young clergyman was compelled by duty to quit Bessie's side and minister at shrines less fair.

"Now," thought Lester as the remainder of the party entered the labyrinth of tents and booths, "we must try and wake her up a bit."

But the "idol of the West-end" seemed strangely perverse—nothing he could do or suggest appeared to arouse her from this decorous lethargy—she remained as obdurately prim and respectable as ever.

At length Lester contrived to address a few words of remonstrance but the result was scarcely gratifying.

"What on earth is wrong with you?" he whispered, "we came down for a jolly good 'lark' and here you are behaving like——"

"A lady," she snapped him up suddenly, "strange isn't it?"

"Forgive me," hastily, "You know I didn't mean that—I am awfully——"

"The truth is," burst in Lester, who rather prided himself on his perspicuity, "you find the whole affair beastly slow, but you're too jolly plucky to show it."

"Slow—well, hardly," and she smiled enigmatically.

"Do you know old boy," she added after a pause, "I have never enjoyed myself before—till to-day."

"Good Lord!"

Lester went away slowly. Things were going wrong with a vengeance. Later on he found Carstairs and Glennon haggling over the purchase of a weird smoking arrangement, which a pretty girl persisted in terming a smoking cabinet. He told them, but their remarks were scarcely consoling.

"Nonsense," laughed Carstairs who was enjoying himself hugely. "Bessie's all right. She'll wake up, never fear, when the concert comes on. And after all, old chap, what would you have her do? Stand on her head and shock the rustics?"

"It's not what she won't do—it's what she has done," was Lester's enigmatical reply as he walked away.

On the programme Miss Bessie Boulter's name figured twice, and in London she had decided to sing a certain song which had proved an unqualified success at the Apollo Palace of Varieties, but was scarcely compatible with a parish schoolroom, before a decorous audience of country gentry and unsophisticated rustics.

Lester had pointed out that the adventures of a more or less tipsy cockney were rather strong for staid little Hollingdean, but Bessie in the first flush of excitement had insisted on her most famous songs, or nothing at all.

And now behold she was on the platform she had derided, with the parson's rose in her hair, singing—"Annie Laurie."

Lester stared at her for a moment speechlessly, then turned to the others, who returned his look of amazed inquiry with interest if not elucidation. At the end Miss Bessie Boulter left the stage in a tempest of applause.

"By Jove, old chap, she's splendid," cried the Reverend John Chalmers enthusiastically as he turned to Lester with shining eyes.

The latter grinned valiantly.

"Magnificent!" he said grimly. "By the way, Carstairs, I think it's your turn for the rack."

The latter mechanically carried his violin case to the platform and though almost as dazed as Lester at Bessie's utter change of front, managed to acquit himself creditably. Glennon followed, and after that a host of local talent, good, bad, and indifferent—chiefly indifferent.

Then came Bessie's second turn. It was the last item on the programme and she took her stand on the platform amidst utter silence.

Lester and his companions had suffered too many surprises throughout the day, to be disturbed by anything which Bessie might now choose to do, so they listened with comparative apathy to "The Banks of Loch Lomond."

Greater and more cultured audiences than any poor little rustic Hollingdean could furnish, have been stirred by this quaint old song, but never perhaps more deeply than these simple rustics were now, by the expression imparted to them, by the lady whose songs were wont to elevate the dividends if not the ethics of the London music-halls.

"For I and my true love will never meet again
On the bonny, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond."

The words came from her lips with a pathos that could hardly be simulated; when Carstairs thought of the song long afterwards, it seemed as if she already looked into the future and saw the end.

At its close, the whole place was, as Lester euphoniously described it "a howling pack of snivelling idiots."

"What the dickens does it mean?"

Carstairs glanced across to where the Reverend John Chalmers was congratulating Miss Boulter, who listened to his words with eyes unusually bright, and the "funny" little pain in her side growing—growing.

"She's met the right man," he remarked drily, "too late."

* * * * *

"We understand that the engagement between Miss Bessie Boulter, the well-known music-hall artiste, and Lord Randown of Baganey has been dissolved by mutual consent."

This interesting event duly made its appearance in an enterprising morning paper, some three months after the Hollingdean Bazaar.

Carstairs and Glennon, who "abode" together, received it doubtfully, but the entry of Lester and what he had to tell them completely changed their views.

"I ran down to Hollingdean yesterday—Sunday afternoon," he explained puffing hard at his pipe, "thought I'd look up old Chalmers. Well, I did. Who the dickens do you think I met there?"

"Give it up," said Carstairs after a pause.

"Bessie—of all the people in the world!"

"Nonsense!"

"Fact," said Lester. "You could have bowled me over with a feather. There she was, with the Reverend John devouring her with his eyes, and the Reverend John's mother beaming maternal benediction."

"Good Heavens!" cried Carstairs, "that explains Bessie's reason for chucking Randown."

"Precisely. Of course," pursued Lester, "I accepted every thing as if it were the veriest commonplace, but, disconnected remarks gradually supplied details. Bessie, who, by the way, still preserves the *rôle* of concert-singer, spends all her Sundays at Hollingdean."

"By Jove!"

"The result—well, that is just what might have been anticipated."

"And Bessie?"

Lester refilled his pipe slowly before answering.

"I spoke to her in the train coming back to town," he said, at length reluctantly, "put the case rather crudely. Marriage of course, was out of the question. Chalmers was a clergyman and Church and stage, especially the variety order, assimilate badly. Dwelt on the damage it would entail to the parson's prospects—that seemed to move her most of all. Told her he and his mother would cut her 'dead' if they knew what she really was, which was Jesuitical, but effective. In fact rubbed in the conventional as hard as I could—it was beastly doing it to Bessie, but she's a game little woman, and took it all without a whimper."

"And eventually?" interposed Carstairs.

"She's not going down to Hollingdean any more," said Lester laconically.

"So that's the end of the story," quoth Carstairs. "Poor Bessie!"

"It's not quite the end," said Lester reflectively, "the parson remains. If something is not done we'll have him running up to town and upsetting all Bessie's good resolutions. Now, an interview must be prevented, at all costs."

"Well, what do you propose doing?"

"Chalmers is in town to-day—he is coming with me to the Apollo to-night."

"Good Heavens! Does he know?"

"Not likely! He thinks we're going to an ordinary concert."

"But Bessie—it will be beastly rough on her if she sees him—on the parson also."

"Powerful diseases require drastic remedies," quoth Lester in extenuation.

* * * * *

At eight o'clock precisely the Reverend John Chalmers, Lester and Carstairs, who had reluctantly agreed to patronise the supposed "concert" found themselves in the vestibule of the Apollo Theatre of Varieties.

Lester had timed their arrival to coincide with the "turn" immediately preceding that of Miss Bessie Boulter, and this being instrumental, the Reverend John Chalmers was not immediately aware of the nature of the entertainment.

Soon, however, the superabundance of animal spirits everywhere manifest, so strangely in contrast to the decorous nature of the concerts to which he had been accustomed, struck him as being peculiar.

Added to this, the fumes of tobacco smoke and clinking of glasses soon convinced the Reverend John Chalmers that he had, in his own scriptural metaphor, "fallen among thieves," but not being a prig, he resolved to enter into the joke.

Carstairs furtively watched Chalmers' face as Bessie came before the foot-lights and bowed her appreciation of the plaudits. In a moment it had gone quite white and grey in the flaring electric light and his eyes were wide open—with the whites showing clearly all round the pupils.

"Rotten thing for me to have done," thought Lester remorsefully, as he watched the stony expression on his face.

It wasn't quite a nice song, and at the end of the third verse, Bessie saw a stony set face, with the whites of the eyes showing right round the pupils. That settled it. With a queer little choking cry, she staggered backward, and clasped her hand to her left side, where great iron fingers were twisting—twisting.

Chalmers rose as the manager came before the foot-lights and explained that Miss Boulter's sudden indisposition would prevent her appearing any more that night.

"Let us go," he said to Lester quite deliberately.

The latter and Carstairs, sharing the feelings of a dozen malefactors between them, rose and followed him.

Outside he shook hands with them quietly, but with an air of dismissal.

He turned to Lester for a moment.

"It was awfully good of you, old chap," he said gently. "I understand your motive, but—I am not that sort of man."

For a moment they stood watching him, as he forced his way through a small crowd round the stage-door—then they, too, followed.

On the steps they met a man coming out. He was a kind-faced man with a top-hat and a black bag, and he told them: He had come quickly, he said, but not quickly enough—a greater Physician than he had already taken Bessie's case in hand.

And so Lester was quite right. She would never go down to Hollingdean any more.

FIVE SHILLINGS A DAY FOR LIFE! A huge prize for a simple task. Particulars later.

And why Other Animals are Built as they are.

WHEN you pull on a pair of kid gloves has it ever occurred to you to wonder why the skin of a young goat should make the most perfect of hand coverings, light, warm, pliable, and above all, tough?

The thing is simple enough if you come to consider the history of the goat tribe. They were always the pariahs of the herb-eating creatures. Being neither as swift as the antelopes, nor as powerful as the buffalo, they were driven out of the rich lowlands by the carnivores, and forced to fly into the thickets which coat the mountain sides below the snow line. There they found food and shelter.

But browsing among such stiff and close-set shrubs, any thin-skinned animal would soon become one mass of sores and wounds. So gradually the skin of the goat toughened until the creature was able to force its way through unyielding scrub without injury either to coat or skin. That is why goat skin makes such perfect leather.

More than one animal owes its present shape and skin to the moulding influence of the thick woods. The pig, for instance. No creature ever had a sorer struggle for existence in those savage days of the dawn of warm-blooded life than poor piggy.

WHY PIGS HAVE TOUGH HIDES.

The pig was forced to stick to the thickets and the swamps, for there only could it find the roots and acorns and beech mast which were its food. But the woods held wolves, and bears, and panthers, whose daintiest dinner was pork, so the pig was obliged to take precautions against total extinction.

The first thing was to find a refuge of some sort. This was offered by the dense undergrowth so thick that no other large animal could penetrate it quickly. To pierce it, the pig developed a long-pointed snout, a cone-like shape, a hide tough everywhere, but toughest over the back and shoulders, and a coat of stiff bristles along which curved thorns would slide harmless. The shape of the sty-fed porker of to-day is a sure record of those wild flights through the jungle which its Indian cousins indulge in to-day.

Somewhat similar is the origin of the lion's mane. The lion's hunting ground is and always has been the tropical jungle, and its method has been to stalk a buffalo or other creature, spring on its back and clutch its throat. But a buffalo will gallop far and fast through the timber trying to rake off its murderer. The lion's mane has been developed to save its skin against this manœuvre, and perhaps to guard its throat in its frequent fights with others of its kind.

WHY FOALS RUN FAST.

There is a story that a noted sportsman once won a large sum on a thoroughbred foal of only a month old, beating a three-year-old racehorse over a half-mile course. He put up a jockey on the mother of the foal, an animal noted for her speed, and she easily beat the rival horse. Her foal kept up with her throughout the race. Many have wondered at the pace at which a tiny foal can travel without ever suspecting how the creature came to possess such speed.

Thousands of years ago, before man troubled them with saddles and spurs, horses ran wild over the steppes of Central Asia. Out in these wilds no tiger or bear harried them; their chief foes were prowling packs of hungry wolves. Against these relentless enemies speed was the horse's only safeguard. Consequently, if the foals, like calves, had been unable to move rapidly, the wolves would have grown fat, and horses vanished. The galloping power of the youngster accordingly developed till, when but a few days old, it could keep pace with its parents. Shying, too, is a survival from these early times. No other creature on earth of the size of the horse can swerve so suddenly at full speed. Many a life of primeval horse must have been saved by this ability to avoid the tuft of grass or bushes where long-fanged danger lurked.

Come to consider the early history of the ass, and the origins of its various peculiarities become plain at once. The wild ass fed, as it does to-day, on the close herbage of high table-lands. There mountain leopards and other foes lurked in deep gorges and behind protecting rocks. A perfect sense of hearing was the donkey's chief salvation, and hence we see to-day an animal with ears seemingly out of all proportion to its size.

Unlike its distant cousin, the horse, the wild ass lived a somewhat solitary life, for grazing is scanty in these upper regions. Yet it was at times necessary to advertise its presence to friends or rivals on opposite mountain tops. And that is why the coster's humble moke possesses a voice which must be the despair and envy of every other four-legged beast.

Sheep, like goats, took to the hills at a very early period. But they went higher than the goats, far above timber mark, and found their sustenance on the patches of turf which lie on the sunny sides of snow peaks. Hence the necessity for a warm coat. We owe all our woollen industries and garments to the fact that the ancestors of our domestic sheep were driven to the hills in the struggle for life. To the same cause we owe the succulent legs of mutton, which form so choice a portion of our food. A creature often forced to bound at full speed up craggy mountain sides was driven to develop muscular hind quarters, and the shape has remained though much of the muscle has turned to flesh and fat.

A herd of horses suddenly alarmed will stampede in mad, unreasoning flight. A herd of oxen rarely do so. When alarmed they close together, presenting an unbroken front of lowering horns to the enemy. Proof positive this that the ancestors of our quiet cows led a very different existence from that of horses. They indeed never took to the open veld, but grazed in the forest glades. They loved, as their descendants do to-day, to stand in the cool shade of trees and near the water. Here foes were so plentiful that the only chance was fight, and so bulls and cows alike developed long horns and enormously powerful neck muscles.

WHY THE OX'S HOOF IS SPLIT.

The habit of closing together in danger is likewise for mutual defence. The split hoofs of cattle tell the same story. They are far better adapted for progress over soft ground than the solid hoofs of horses. Indeed, in boggy soil a good horse stands no chance with an ordinary ox. The open cleft between the toes allows the air to enter as the foot is withdrawn from sticky mud. The horse trying to pull its solid hoof from the mud creates a vacuum beneath which greatly impedes its pace. The habit of chewing the cud is one more testimony to the early life of the ox tribe. They could graze only at such times of the day as the flesh-eating creatures lay asleep in their lairs. Therefore, they made their meal rapidly, and came home again to their refuges, where they ruminated at leisure.

There is hardly an animal in all creation which has not an innate horror of snakes. Consequently, any naturally defenceless creature that can pass itself off as a snake gains thereby an excellent means of defence. Here we have the explanation of the hiss of the angry cat. The wild cat has her home in a hollow tree. Any prowling wild beast larger than the cat would be certain to make a capital meal off the tender kittens had they and their mother no means of scaring off the intruder. But such an animal, hearing a fierce hiss from the dark recess, would be apt to think twice before inserting an inquiring paw.

WHY RABBITS HAVE WHITE TAILS.

There is another domestic creature which makes believe that it is a snake when frightened or angry. This is the goose. Walk too near the nest of a sitting goose. A long twisted neck flies forth, and a violent hiss makes the passer-by spring aside in instinctive terror.

Others of the apparently odd things which poultry do are capable of the simplest explanation when the past history of the birds is considered. That cackle, for instance, which the proud hen sets up when she has laid an egg. Any performance more apparently idiotic can hardly be imagined. It seems to advertise the egg as spoil for all that want it. Yet the wild hen of Ceylon and La Plata does the same thing, with this difference only—that she flies from her nest some yards before uttering a sound. Then she sets up her cackle, but purely for the sake of eliciting an answering call from the remainder of the flock. Otherwise she might lose them in the dense jungle.

One more curiosity in the way of reasons. Did you ever consider why a rabbit has a white tail? It seems an unwise provision of Nature, for it certainly renders its owner a much better mark than he otherwise would be. The white tail is purely and simply a danger signal for the benefit of the rest of the rabbit community, as well as a guide for the little rabbits as to the whereabouts of their mother. Send one rabbit scuttling, and his white flag warns the rest to take refuge.

Very Likely.

A TEACHER in a Board school was examining a class of small boys in mental arithmetic.

She said:

"If your father gave your mother thirty shillings to-day and two pounds to-morrow, what would she have?"

"Lor', ma'am," replied a small boy near the bottom of the class, "she would have a fit!"

"WHAT are you wearing dark glasses for?" said one clerk to another in a City office. "You have never had trouble with your eyes before, have you?"

"Never. But the caretaker came round when I wasn't looking and washed the window by my desk. The sudden glare was too much for me."

MR. STALATE: "So your sister keeps you well supplied with pocket-money, does she?"

Tommy: "Yes."

Stalate: "I presume you have to render some little equivalent?"

Tommy (yawning): "Oh, yes; I have to come in and yawn when visitors are staying too late."

PAINT AT £43 8s. PER SQUARE INCH.

Costly Things without the Maker's Name.

ALTHOUGH we know the origin of most things, there is still much to be discovered. Who can give us the name of the sculptor of the famous Venus di Milo? Most people are familiar with this wonderful work of art, either by having seen it in the Louvre at Paris, or from a photo or copy.

It was found in the Island of Melos, minus arms. What a fortune those missing limbs would realise could they be discovered! It is accepted as par excellence the most superb piece of sculpture in the world. But nobody on earth can tell us whose was the hand that fashioned this masterpiece, and it is extremely unlikely that we shall ever know.

One of the most exquisite and entrancing paintings in the world is in the possession of Rabatini, the well-known collector at Venice. The subject of the picture is a woman of wondrous beauty being rescued, with her child, from a small yacht which has been wrecked.

Art connoisseurs simply rave about this picture, and he has had many tempting offers for it.

Last year an offer of £100,000 was made, but it failed to move Rabatini, who firmly refuses to part with it. The enormous sum represents a price of about £43 8s. per square inch according to the size of the picture. It was picked up in 1898 at an old curiosity shop in Milan. It is unsigned, and all efforts to trace the artist have been of no avail.

A most useful article is the mariner's compass, but who invented it? In the early part of 1900, a schooner, the *Sea Serpent*, Captain Slater, was wrecked, the captain and five of his crew were at the mercy of the waves drifting about in a small boat. They bemoaned the fact that they had no compass, and for five days they drifted aimlessly about in the fog.

At the bottom of a locker, however, a compass was found, and by its means the lives of the captain and his men were saved, for they were within easy reach of starvation. Captain Slater determined to signalise this remarkable and unexpected salvation by erecting a monument to the inventor of the mariner's compass. Money came in for this object, and over £1,000 had been positively subscribed before the captain discovered that the inventor of the mariner's compass was unknown. The monument scheme thus came to an untimely end.

One hundred and thirty-one years ago a great political work appeared, entitled the "Letters of Junius." Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Gladstone, and every politician, from the leading statesmen to the humblest M.P., have accepted it as a masterpiece, and although so long a time has intervened, the "Letters of Junius" stand to-day as an authoritative work, and the modern M.P.'s who aspire to political wisdom have not failed to study the work. But nobody knows who wrote the "Letters of Junius," and we have no means of finding out.

The lucifer match is a very common object of every-day life, and its invention has been attributed to Sir Isaac Holden. Before Sir Isaac could put it on the market he was forestalled by someone who claimed to be the first inventor. Sir Isaac Holden admitted to the writer that there really was a doubt as to who actually was the inventor, and probably the existing obscurity with regard to the origin of the lucifer match will remain for all time.

Of the thousands of people who sit down nightly to the chessboard, who can give us the origin of the game? No one! It has been with us for ages, but as to how, where, and when it had its inception there is no record whatever.

It is a far cry from Stonehenge, in Wiltshire, to the Pyramids in Egypt, but here we have two of the world's wonders, constructed with a skill and stability at which we properly marvel. But neither Egypt nor England has given, or can give to us the origin of these wonderful structures, which have been the admiration of generations.

Another work of admiration is the beautiful Cathedral at Cologne. The original grand conception of this superb specimen of architecture should have made the world ring with the name of the architect. But nobody can name him, and his name may never be known. Other architects have participated in parts of the work during the centuries of building, but the first great idea emanated from the brain of one man, and his name cannot be found.

Everything must have a beginning, and the sight of wheels on every description of vehicle excites no curiosity by reason of our familiarity with the sight. But somebody must have invented the wheel! There must have been a first wheel, and the maker of it was an ingenious individual, but who was he? We do not know. We may never know.

DON'T BE A READER

of serial stories unless they are good ones. Good ones are not easily found. If you are on the look out for a good one, however, a really powerful romance, get the current number of *Short Stories* and begin "Link by Link."

Mr. Bowser's experiences with his new kodak are described in this week's SHORT STORIES.

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING

Half-a-crown is paid for every Question used, and two guineas a column for Replies.

REPLIES.

INSECT ARTIFICERS.

Do Insects ever Use Tools? (5965.)

Two cases of the kind are known. It is said that some of the social wasps use bits of stone for smoothing and finishing their mud-nests. A better authenticated case than this is of a kind of ant native to Eastern Asia, which uses the grub-like young of its own kind as implements. These ants construct shelters from leaves by rolling these round and cementing the edges together. They, themselves, are not able to make the necessary adhesive, but the young secrete a sticky substance which answers the purpose perfectly. A worker-ant seizes one of the young in its jaws, and applies the mouth of this living tool to the places which are to be fixed together. A gentle squeeze induces the young to disgorge sufficient cement from its mouth to answer the purpose. If a snare for catching prey can be called a tool, such are employed by certain caddis worms (the young stage of caddis-moths), inhabiting South American streams. They are in the form of nets woven from a strong silky substance. The flea possesses a lancet, the mosquito a lancet and suction-pump as well, and the tenthredo, or saw-fly, a pair of combined saws and rasps which it uses most skilfully to saw holes in leaves and soft branches in which to deposit its eggs.

THE EARLIEST "PLATE."

When did Plated Ware come into Use? (5986.)

The art of plating is a very ancient one, and about its beginning little can be said. As its name indicates, it was at first the art of applying thin plates of precious metals on a core of some other substance. Thus some of the most famous statues of antiquity, including several by Phidias, were of ivory covered with gold. At an early date, however, the art of covering one metal with a thin layer of another came into use. Different methods were pursued with different materials. When tin was to be applied to copper or iron, it was done by means of a "tin-pot," or bath of melted tin, in which the sheets of the other metal were dipped.

In the case of gold or silver plating, the original method was to solder a thin plate of the more costly metal on one or both sides of a thicker plate of the baser one, and then beat it out into the required thinness and form. This is the style of the old Sheffield ware, now so much admired. The art of electro-plating is a comparatively modern one, and had its inception in the discovery of Wollaston, the English chemist, that by means of the voltaic pile he could put a thin deposit of one metal on another. In a century marked by a clamour for cheap imitations of costly articles, such a discovery was naturally developed eagerly; hence there has arisen the elaborate art of electro-metallurgy.

WHY "TEST MATCHES"?

Why are the Cricket Matches between England and Australia Played in Australia Called "Test Matches"? (5988.)

The phrase "test match" as used now in the papers has practically no meaning as applied to the matches themselves. The misnomer which has now become current in the newspapers seems to be derived from the old practice of selecting the best possible team, in both countries, by a series of test matches, which were played solely for the purpose of finding the best men available. The use of the word, as applied to a match between the actual English and Australian teams, either here or in Australia, is just as meaningless as the word would be if applied to a match between two English counties. It is, in short, one of those words which get into currency in the Press with a definite meaning, and, as a matter of habit, are retained after they have lost it.

OUR MOST LIKELY ALLIES.

If Great Britain were Forced by the Trend of Circumstances to Make some European Alliance, which would Offer the Greater Advantages, the Triple or the Dual? (5987.)

Under present conditions the existing Triple Alliance would be the more beneficial, so far, at least, as any European or African questions are concerned. It would give to this country the backing of the German Army, and the Italian Navy—both preponderating influences within their special spheres of action—whilst Austria, the other member of the alliance, would complete a band across Europe which would effectively sever France from Russia.

If, however, some European alliance were rendered desirable in order to deal with Asiatic difficulties, then the present Dual one might be most advantageous, for both Russia and France are great Eastern Powers, and Germany, Austria, and Italy have comparatively little weight in that direction; nor could they render effective assistance, even by their navies, there. Russia, on the other hand, could bring overwhelming influence to bear, both by land and sea, in almost any part of Asia.

"MUNICIPAL TRADING."

Within what Limits is what is Known as "Municipal Trading" Beneficial to the Community? (5990.)

It may be laid down as a broad principle that municipal trading ought to stop where the municipality, with its enormous capital, and almost unlimited borrowing powers, comes into direct competition with private enterprise. The very worst use to which the taxpayers' money can be put, is investment in work which can be efficiently undertaken by the ordinary industrial capital and talent of the country. On the other hand, however, there are certain concerns which ought to be left to municipal control, provided always that it is effective.

First comes sanitation, next, water supply, which means almost the same thing, then lighting, and then communication. All these forms of trading can be done more profitably for the community by honest and capable municipal bodies than by private firms or joint stock corporations. The gas and water supplies of London are cases in point, but, on the other hand, the almost criminal extravagance of the County Council Works Department, and many other cases that might be quoted, show that as soon as municipal begins to compete with private business enterprise it becomes both inefficient and corrupt.

A DIFFICULT QUESTION.

What is "Hog-Money"? (5995.)

There are so many plausible derivations of this term that it is practically impossible to select the correct one, in fact, two or more may be equally authentic in their way. For instance, about the oldest derivation goes back to early Norman times, when "hog-money" was a tax paid by the owners of swine for feeding on roots and nuts in the Royal forests. It was also paid for the privilege of taking swine through Royal or private domains to the ordinary pasture, provided that there was no other convenient way, and this is probably the true meaning of the phrase.

There is also a Scottish derivation which has nothing whatever to do with hogs. Everyone knows that, in Scotland, New Year's Eve is called Hogmanay Night, and the origin of this phrase is ascribed by some philologists to a French phrase "au-gui-menez," meaning, "lead to the mistletoe." This phrase was very early introduced into Scotland, and is directly referred to the old Druidical rights. This derivation seems, however, rather fanciful, though it may be none the less true on that account, and it is supported by the fact that in Gothic times the night before Yule was the time for slaughtering the beasts for the feast, and this was always done under the mistletoe on the oaks.

There is yet another, and much more modern derivation, which comes from the Bermudas, known in the seventeenth century as the Somers Islands. Sir George Somers was wrecked there in 1609; three years later a colony was founded, and coins of copper, plated with silver, were struck. In the centre of the obverse of these coins was the effigy of a hog, enormous numbers of swine being found on the islands, and when these coins were first brought to England they were at once dubbed "hog-money."

RAINBOWS WITHOUT CLOUDS.

Can there be a Rainbow without a Cloud? (5991.)

A cloud is not necessary for the formation of a rainbow. The phenomenon is due to minute drops of water in the air, upon which rays of white light from the sun (or, more rarely, from the moon) fall. Each such ray first enters a drop, is reflected from its inner surface, and again emerges, being, at the same time, broken up into its coloured constituents, which affect the eye of an observer suitably placed. When the sun appears from behind a cloud after a shower, numerous drops are present in the air, and it is at such times ordinary rainbows are seen. Hence their name and the common idea that a cloud is necessary for their formation. But when the sun is shining in a cloudless sky beautiful rainbows may be seen in the spray of fountains, cascades and waterfalls, for here the two requisite conditions are to be found, *i.e.*, small drops of water in the air, and rays of bright white light suitable for decomposition into the colours of the spectrum.

"THE JOLLY ROGER."

What is the most Probable Origin of the Death's Head and Crossed Bones? (5993.)

Nearly all peoples have had their symbols of Death, and the probability is that the Death's Head and Crossed Bones, in their present form, that is to say, the bones crossed under the skull, are really a rude representation of a portion of a dead body, with the arms crossed in the usual attitude of resignation over the breast. There are some who derive the symbol from the Valley of Dry Bones in the vision of Ezekiel, which is probably a little far-fetched. The origin has also been traced back to the Egyptian Feasts of the Dead, at which it was customary to exhibit the mummy-case with a rough representation of a skull painted above the head. Sometimes, also, the skull and part of the skeleton were brought in by attendants, who carried them round, saying to the guests, "Eat and drink, for ere long ye will be dead."

The "skull and cross-bones," as an emblem of piracy, is not very old. The ancient and mediæval pirates of the Mediterranean did not use it. In fact, we first hear of the "Jolly Roger," as the pirate emblem was first called, in the days of the notorious Captain Kidd. The meaning of the white skull and cross-bones on the black flag, was, of course, sufficiently obvious from the point of view both of the pirates and their victims.

A MOMENTOUS BULL.

Which was the most Momentous Question on which Civilised Nations ever Went to War? (5995.)

The dispute arising, directly and indirectly, out of the famous bull of Pope Alexander VI., published in 1493, which assigned to Spain all lands discovered to the west and south of an imaginary line drawn from pole to pole at a distance one hundred leagues west of the Azores; leaving all similar lands found in an opposite direction to the Portuguese. To settle the validity or otherwise of this allocation innumerable wars have been waged down to our own time, when Spain's claim to Cuba, during the Spanish-American conflict, was based upon this bull of Alexander's.

The fate of the richest portions of the earth's surface, such as what is now the United States, India, Australia, and South Africa, was involved in the questions raised by this instrument, and the whole course of world-history must have been altered had the claims made under it stood the arbitrament of war. Even the chief beneficiaries from it constantly fought about it, until, by the progress of discovery, they actually met at a point on the other side of the globe, and the Molucca Islands were bought by Spain from Portugal, because they were situated at a point where, according to the bull, east met west.

BILLS OF THE LORDS.

What Bills must Originate in the House of Lords? (6004.)

All Bills that in their consequences may affect the rights of the Peerage must have their origin in the House of Lords; and they may not be altered or amended in the other House. It is the ancient and indisputable right and privilege of the Commons that all grants of subsidies, taxation, or Parliamentary aids shall begin in their House; indeed, the Commons have at all times been so tenacious of this privilege, that they have never suffered the Lords to make any change in the Money Bills which they have sent them, but have only allowed their Lordships simply to reject or accept them.

QUESTIONS.

6021. Can a ray of light be made to describe a circle?
6022. When did the spirit of revenge so stimulate recruiting for a British regiment that a "Second Battalion" had to be formed?
6023. Who is the earliest known female writer in English?
6024. Which creature has the most curious means of self-defence?
6025. Why has it been a rule in history that women who have usurped thrones have always ruled despotically?
6026. What is the most likely explanation of the success of the Brahmins in imposing the caste system on the Hindus?
6027. What wild bird is it which, even though it has never seen man before, immediately comes to live quite close to any human habitation which is set up in its neighbourhood?
6028. What is the derivation of "bandbox"?
6029. Which mile of foreign sea-board would be most useful to Great Britain?
6030. Which of our kings has been treated by history with the greatest injustice?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print a selection of replies to each question, and shall pay at the rate of £2 2s. a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

THE young man who has his evenings to himself generally goes and gives them to someone else.

A MAN never fully realises the wealth of information he doesn't possess till his first child begins to ask questions.

STRANGER: "Is the man of the house in?"
Servant: "Yes, but the woman of the house won't let him come out!"

"GREAT cry and little wool," said a facetious gentleman, as he placed his hand caressingly upon the head of an infant member of the family he was visiting.

SHE: "Mr. Daubster, the artist, told me I was as pretty as a picture."
He: "I hope he didn't mean one of his own pictures."

"I WONDER why they call the hotel bell-boy 'Buttons'?" said the inquisitive traveller.
"Probably," replied the bachelor, "it's because he's off when you need him most."

Founded 1871.

The OCEAN Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Ltd.

(*Empowered by Special Act of Parliament.*)

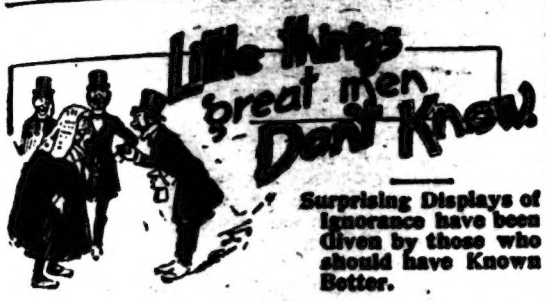
Capital Authorised - £1,000,000
Capital Subscribed - - - £621,549
Income, 1901 - - £1,120,358
Reserves, Dec. 31st, 1901 - - - £1,044,839
Funds, 31st Dec., 1901 (excluding Uncalled Capital) - £1,337,563

The "Advanced" Policy is based on wide and liberal lines. It not only provides against Accidents, but also against Illness and Permanent Incapacity, and the sum assured automatically increases upon each renewal. It possesses, in addition, the important advantage of being World-wide as to Travel. Send for Prospectus.

Fidelity Guarantees.
The Bonds of this Corporation are accepted by all Departments of H.M. Government.
Workmen's Compensation.
Sickness Insurance.
Burglary Insurance.
Third Party Indemnities.
Mortgage Insurance.
Excess Bad Debt Insurance.
Boiler and Lift Inspection and Insurance.

HEAD OFFICE: 38 to 44 MOORGATE ST., LONDON, E.C.
R. J. PAULL, General Manager & Secretary

FIVE SHILLINGS A DAY FOR LIFE! A huge prize for a simple task. Particulars later.



Surprising Displays of Ignorance have been Given by those who should have Known Better.

WHEN the late Sir Ashmead Bartlett, on a certain historical occasion, demanded angrily to know the reason why the Government didn't send a man-of-war to the Caspian, an almost universal shout of laughter went up from a jaded House. Almost universal! But not quite! Here and there, a member could be seen trying to look as though he saw the point of the joke—and failing ignominiously. And one of the foremost debaters on the ministerial benches, leaning forward, and addressing a colleague, exclaimed aloud, "Well, and, after all, why shouldn't we? It might not be politic, but it would most certainly be practicable." Whereat was more laughter.

Geographical ignorance such as this may seem astounding, but it can easily be paralleled. There is, for instance, the well authenticated story of Marshal MacMahon, who, when he was President of France, on being informed that certain prisoners had escaped from New Caledonia, and landed in New South Wales, sent to New York a request for their arrest and extradition.

The ignorance frequently evinced by judges and magistrates regarding little things is proverbial. Nevertheless, it seems strange that anyone in these days should require to be told—as did a well-known London stipendiary recently—what a "snaffle" is; and, stranger still, that no one in the court could be found able to enlighten him. The plaintiff's solicitor thought it was the same thing as a curb; while the clerk opined that it was a kind of cold in the head that horses caught, and which caused them to snuffle.

MR. GLADSTONE'S "CATCH."

"How many members of this house," asked Mr. Gladstone once in the course of a debate on electoral qualifications, "can divide £1,330 17s. 6d. by £2 13s. 8d.?"

"Six hundred and fifty-eight!" shouted one member.

"The thing cannot be done!" exclaimed another.

A roar of laughter greeted this last remark. But it was true, nevertheless. You cannot multiply or divide money by money. You may repeat a smaller sum of money as many times as it is contained in a larger sum of money. But that is a very different thing. If you repeat five shillings as often as there are hairs in a horse's tail, you do not multiply five shillings by a horsetail. Perhaps you did not know this before. Never mind; you need not be ashamed of your ignorance, for it was shared, as has been demonstrated, by the entire House of Commons (bar one member), including the then Chancellor of the Exchequer.

There is an old waiter at one of the principal hotels in Harrogate, who delights to tell how a bishop, one of the leading lights of the Church, inquired, the morning after his arrival, "the nearest way to the sea." On being enlightened as to the true geographical position of Harrogate, he exclaimed, regretfully:

"Oh, ah! Of course! How exceedingly stupid of me. It was Reigate I had intended to sojourn at."

"STIRLING, WHERE THE SILVER COMES FROM."

This is almost as delicious as the remark of the American millionaire staying at Glasgow, who, when the town of Stirling was mentioned to him as one of the show-places of the neighbourhood, gravely replied:

"I guess I must go there; that's where the silver comes from!"

A learned judge publicly declared, not very long since, when asked to sanction the investment of certain trust funds in Rotherham town bonds, that he would prefer those of an English city. That Rotherham could lay claim to any such distinction was evidently as much a "discovery" to him, as that "Cape Breton is an island" was to the Duke of Newcastle.

It was this same judge, by-the-bye, who was so genuinely puzzled by the introduction of the term "dry nurse" into an address to the court. "Did a 'dry nurse,'" he inquired, "mean a nurse who dried babies after they had been washed?"

"No, not that," replied the senior counsel in the case, "I rather think, m'Lud, it is used to designate a nurse who is strictly sober, and, therefore, most suitable to look after young and helpless infants."

"Oh, I see," answered the judge, "and a 'wet nurse' then would mean a person who drank, I suppose?"

"I suppose so, m'Lud," agreed the counsel, and satisfaction reigned all round.

The mistake of the old-fashioned fox-hunting parson, who, being asked by his studious young curate if he liked Xenophon, replied that he hadn't bothered to learn it, and that, anyhow, if one must play silly games of that sort, ping-pong was worthier of consideration as being more up-to-date, is perhaps pardonable. But what can be said in excuse for the famous burlesque actress—a lady whose name is literally on everybody's lips—who recently, visiting a theatre devoted to the legitimate drama, and seeing the cast of *King John* posted up in the green room, inquired, whose play it was, and on being told "Shakespeare's," exclaimed in amazement, "Good gracious! Has that man written another play!"

It is astonishing how frequently very great learning in one direction is associated with profound ignorance in another. It was an eminent professor of Cambridge University, who, when his attention was called at a picture gallery to Altmann's copy of Paul Potter's masterpiece, catalogued as "The Young Bull, after Potter," naïvely exclaimed:

"Yes, very fine bull—but where's Potter?"

Then, peering close into the picture, and noticing the figure of the herdsman, he added:

"Oh, there he is, I suppose, hiding behind a tree."

This is almost as bad as the blunder attributed to a certain great scientist at the Louvre.

"Venus of Milo! Beautiful! Exquisite! Ah, but we have no modern sculptor to equal Milo—more's the pity."

It was Sir Barnes Peacock, who, trying a marine insurance case concerning a ship lost in Tub Harbour, Labrador, openly confessed that he did not know where Labrador was, and asked the question point blank of the plaintiff's counsel.

"Labrador!" was the reply. "Labrador, my Lord, is the place where Tub Harbour is."

A BLOUSE IS A SKIRT.

In another case, tried only a few years back (the Hobson "horse-faking" fraud), no one in court could define what a "fetlock" was, and a stable-boy had to be specially called to clear up the point.

Many notorious instances of judicial ignorance were doubtless purposely assumed.

"Who is this Connie Gilchrist?" asked by a certain learned judge, who is now a peer, is a case in point, for at that time all London was ringing with the name of the beautiful and piquante little actress who afterwards became Countess of Orkney. But it is certain that there exists a famous Lord Chief Justice, who, not so very long ago, knew not what a "blouse" was. Incredible as it sounds, too, his ignorance was shared by the court. Several learned brothers, it is true, volunteered opinions, but as no two of them agreed, this did not mend matters very much. After deep cogitation, however, the judge stated that he rather thought it was the lower half of a lady's dress; whereupon up rose a junior barrister, who had recently been married, and remarked he thought that half was called a skirt, but was not quite certain.

It is such incidents as these that enable us to credit the hoary old story of King George IV. puzzling over the problem of how the apple got inside the dumpling.

The Giggling Girl.

If you tell her she's modest or tell her she's vain,
She'll giggle.
She heeds not the fact that it gives you a pain,
That giggle.
Though you may address her in serious key,
Make speech that presents no occasion for glee,
Or even for smiling, her answer will be
A giggle.

She runs to the door when her Chawley boy rings,
And giggles.
While helping him take off his cold winter things
She giggles.
When seated for sparking within the bright rays
Of glowing gas fire or the grate's cheery blaze,
She answers the sugary things that he says
With giggles.

In church if she catches a girly chum's eye,
She giggles.
There's no provocation, she doesn't know why,
Just giggles.
She'll arch up her eyebrows like the back of the cat
That keeps off the dog in the rear of the flat
And give her eyelashes a humorous bat
And giggles.

TEACHER (giving directions for standing): "Stand with your heels together, toes turned out, making an angle of forty degrees."

This was followed by a look of bewilderment on one boy's face.

"Teacher: "Well, Tim, do you know what I mean? Do you know what a degree is?"

Pupil: "Yes, sir."

Teacher: "What?"

Pupil: "Sixty-nine and one-fourth miles."

CHUMPLY (at the reception): "Is this Mrs. Passionpen, the celebrated poetess?"

Mrs. Passionpen (haughtily): "It is."

Chumply (effusively): "I should have known you among a thousand."

Mrs. Passionpen: "Why?"

Chumply (grandiloquently): "The fire of genius burns on your brow."

Mrs. Passionpen (derisively): "Don't be deceived, young man. That is where I scorched myself curling my hair. You'd better guess again."

GUNS HAVE BIRTH CERTIFICATES.

They are also Tried, Condemned, and Executed.

WHEN a gun is "born" a triplicate "life" certificate is prepared. Its nature, mark, "place of birth," official number, date of birth and weight are therein entered. As thus: Ordnance R. M. L. (Rifle Muzzle-Loading) 12·5 inch, Mark II., R. G. F., No. 271, 1892, 36 tons 18cwts. 3qrs. 6lbs.; or Ordnance B. L. (Breech-Loading) 9·2 inch, Mark I., E. O. C., No. 99, 1898, 22-0-1-0. These details are, in an abbreviated form, engraved and stamped upon the gun itself.

There are two "birthplaces," indicated above by the initials R. G. F. and E. O. C. The first is the Royal Gun Factory at Woolwich, and the second the works of the Elswick Ordnance Company. All sorts and conditions of guns are born at both places.

A gun made to the original pattern is a Mark I. Each succeeding variation from the pattern is an additional "mark." Trifling deviations, however, are usually lettered. Thus a Mark II. weapon slightly altered in some minor detail becomes Mark IIA., and so on.

Before the newborn gun becomes an effective weapon it is tested. All the particulars of the test, the number of rounds fired, the quality and quantity of powder or cordite used, and the results, are carefully recorded in the "life" certificate, and signed by the senior officer present at the test.

If the gun is pronounced "serviceable" it proceeds to Woolwich Arsenal, and thence, by War Department vessel, to the fort for which it has been manufactured. But wheresoever it goes its certificate accompanies it.

Every gun has a "life," not of days, weeks, and years, but of so many rounds of "ball" ammunition. When the specified number has been fired the gun is "dead"; in other words, the inner rifled "A" tube of steel which lines the bore is worn out and has to be replaced ere the gun acquires another lease of life.

Whenever the gun is fired the following particulars, including the why and wherefore of the firing, are entered in the certificate, and signed by the officer commanding the fort: number of rounds fired, whether blank or "ball," description of charges used, date, occasion (such as "practice," "salute," and so on), and state of the weather during firing.

The gun is periodically overhauled by a civilian gun-searcher, who takes impressions in gutta-percha composition of the bore and vent, and records in the certificate the date of examination and condition of the various parts of the gun. The impressions taken are numbered, docketed, and kept for reference.

When the full number of rounds has been fired a searching examination is made, and the gun, though "dead," is not buried. It is dismounted and returned to the nearest Army Ordnance Depot, there to await shipment to Woolwich Arsenal to be finally overhauled and have its worn "A" tube extracted and replaced by another one.

Should, however, the outer casings of the gun be strained and weak, or irreparably damaged, it is pronounced unfit for further service, and "condemned." After "sentence" has been passed upon it, it is taken to the "dead gun ground" to rust and moulder away.

The certificate is indorsed by the expert who has "sentenced" it ("sentenced" is the proper technical expression) and is then returned to the office of the Director of Artillery. There it remains until the re-issue of the gun, if serviceable, when it again accompanies the weapon to its destination.

It has been previously mentioned that the certificate is a triplicate one. Each of the three copies is exactly alike, being kept up to date without distinction.

The cascable is that knobby excrescence upon the breech end of a muzzle-loading gun into which the elevating screw—also a depressing screw, especially to a raw recruit—is sometimes fitted. Upon ancient pieces of ordnance the cascables were very ornate. Dolphins, elegantly moulded bronze tassels, pear-shaped knobs richly engraved, and quaintly beautiful devices were in use; for in those days guns were blessed by Mother Church, had terrible names, and were often veritable works of art.

On some of the larger modern muzzle-loading guns the top side of the cascable is flat, marked with a graduated scale, and is anything but ornamental. A breech-loading weapon has, of course, no cascable.

The tampion is a mushroom-shaped plug which fits into the muzzle of a gun to keep both frost and rain from the bore. Some tampions are simple blocks of wood, others are carefully covered with felt, while others, again, are expensive and elaborate contrivances of metal and coarse serge, fitted with powerful expanding springs to make them grip the bore and totally exclude the weather. These are of the latest "mode."

There is a legend in the War Department that the tampion was invented by one Tompkins, and named after him. In course of time, however, a "Tompkins" became a tompion, remaining so until an oldtime compiler of the vocabulary of stores altered it, for good and all, to tampion.

SHORT STORIES contains a new Name-Hunting Competition. Get a copy before it is too late.

A set of Table-Tennis will be given every week to the sender of the best paragraph on this page. Mark your envelopes "Ping-Pong."

Vaccinated Horses.

The other morning a small child was looking out of a window when he observed a horse decorated by an artistic owner with scarlet kneecaps. The child, who was well up to the signs of the times, called his nurse. "Do come and look," he said, "they've started vaccinating the horses."

Farthing Bank Notes.

Bank notes for about a farthing each circulate freely in Paraguay. It takes two notes to get one's boots blacked and eight to pay the postage of a letter to England. Yet one of them will buy in season fifteen oranges, three bananas, or a water melon.

Lion-taming by Electricity.

It is stated that a well-known lion tamer has introduced electricity in taming his animals. When a wild lion or tiger is to be tamed, electric wires are first rigged up in the cage between the tamer and the animal. After a time the tamer turns his back, and the lion invariably makes a spring at him, but, encountering the charged wires, receives a paralysing shock sufficient to terrorise it for ever.

Polite Newsboys.

Since the announcement was published that an old lady had left £200 to a newspaper-seller who piloted her across the street a strange and novel politeness has been noticeable in London street urchins. One afternoon recently, among those who received unsolicited offers of assistance in Piccadilly alone, were a strong man from a music hall, two Lifeguardsmen, and a policeman. It is even alleged that newsboys are having cards printed to save time and trouble in giving their addresses.

Indian English.

An intelligent sepoy one day came to a telegraph office in India and handed in a message to send to a station in Central India. Having read the message, the operator said there was something wrong. "No, sahib; me knows English," he said. Again an attempt was made to explain to him that it was wrongly worded. "Me knows English," he declared haughtily and indignantly; "if you no send, me report superintendent Mandalay." Thus threatened, the message was forwarded:—"Come quick; father dangerously dead."

Artificial Flower Industry.

Few people are perhaps aware of the extent to which this industry is carried on in Saxony. Several large factories in Dresden produce a considerable quantity, but the principal place of manufacture is at Sebnitz, a town of 8,500 inhabitants, close to the Bohemian boundary. At the present time there are some 430 manufactories of artificial flowers, leaves, plants, and fruits in the district of Dresden, of which 330 are located in Sebnitz and the neighbouring villages, and 100 in Dresden and its suburbs. The total number of persons engaged in the trade is estimated at 10,000, the larger proportion being females.

Evading the Customs.

A schooner loaded with very bad whisky tried in vain to land its illicit cargo at an American port, as the authorities were unusually watchful. Finally the skipper grew desperate and decided on a bold move. He happened to own a small and unused barn in the suburbs. That night he caused it to be set on fire, and had some of his friends set up a great hullabaloo about the streets to the effect that a terrible conflagration had started. The police, deputies, small boys, town dogs, members of the Board of Trade, secret societies and citizens, on foot and in carriages, turned out and started for the fire. During the excitement the clever liquor dealer ran his schooner up to the pier and got her cargo safely housed before the crowd came back.

A Cheap Marriage.

The other day, while a superintendent registrar of a north country town sat warming his feet by his office fire, and his nose by a cigar, a man entered and inquired: "How much you will charge me to read over about fifteen lines of printed matter from a book I have?" "Eh, can't you read yourself?" grunted the registrar. "Well, yes, I can, but I want to hear how the lines sound when read aloud. I'll give you a nimble shilling to read 'em to me." "Go on, I can't earn money any quicker." At that moment the door opened, and two of the clerks entered, followed by a woman. The stranger clasped her hand, and placing a book upon the desk, said: "See the pencil mark? Begin there, and read until I tell you to stop." The registrar's chin dropped as he saw that the reading matter was the usual form of marriage; but he didn't depart from his word, for he said: "I am a honest man, and might have lost money by refusing." So he read the service and pocketed the shilling, and the man and woman left the office after signing the usual documents, rejoicing at having accomplished one of the cheapest weddings on record.

Why they have Butter.

According to a custom peculiar to Lincoln's Inn, a pat of butter is always supplied with the apple tart at term dinners. This is due to the bequest of an old lady, who was so horrified at learning that her nephew had no butter to eat with his apple tart at Lincoln's Inn, that she set aside part of her money that future students should not be made to suffer in the same manner. As no one but a Yorkshireman would ever think of eating butter with apple tart, that commodity is invariably reserved for the cheese.

A Biergarten for London.

Among the numerous projects to exploit British pockets in connection with the Coronation, Germany has now come upon the scene with a tempting offer to rent for the summer months a large private garden in a central position, in order to transform it into beer garden that shall be an exact reproduction of one in Berlin.

The Marquis' Wit.

Apropos of the Marquis of Anglesey, whose famous private pantomime has now ceased, there is a story told of his father. Upon one occasion he ordered a large number of fire extinguishers. The butler, having arranged them all over the place, told him there were a dozen left over. "Put them in my coffin," said the Marquis sadly, "I shall need them."

The First to Complain.

Fair patron: "See here! You told me a horrid story about the way my husband was acting, and I've found, on investigation, that it is not true. He's just as good as can be." Fortune-teller: "Very remarkable, madam, very remarkable. I've told that same story to about ten thousand different women, and you are the first one who has made a complaint."

A Hen's Record.

It is satisfactory to know that other countries than England suffer from record-breaking. In the Harts Mountains the local schoolmaster's hen has surpassed all record feats by laying her 1,000th egg. The streets of the village were decorated, and the health of the hen was drunk and a gigantic omelette eaten to the honour of the event. The name of the village is Gandersheim.

Huge Visiting Cards.

In Korea visiting cards measuring a foot square are in vogue. The savages of Dahomey announce their visits to each other by sending in advance a wooden board or the branch of a tree artistically carved. When the visit is paid the "card" returns to the possession of its owner, who probably uses it for many years. The natives of Sumatra use for a visiting card a piece of wood about a foot long, decorated with a bunch of straw and a knife.

The Prince's Spending Money.

Among the distinguished company at the pier in New York, when the *Kron Prinz Wilhelm*, carrying Prince Henry of Prussia, ended her voyage, was Mr. Ernest Thalmann, of the firm of Ladenburg, Thalmann and Co., New York, who carried in his pockets £5,000 in cash for the Prince. This currency was intended for the immediate personal use of the royal visitor. The money was placed in the strong box of the *Hohenzollern*. Mr. Thalmann is agent in the United States for the Deutsche Bank, which is the banking institution used by the Imperial family.

An Anatomical Freak.

A physical curiosity has just been discovered in the person of a man bearing the name of Gray. His peculiarity is that he is capable of increasing at will the pulsations of his heart to 105 a minute, a very material advance on the normal beat of the heart. This control over the heart is unusual, of course, though by no means unprecedented, and many who visited a well-known show which was in London recently will remember a man who could move his heart from the left to the right side at will. The man Gray has, apparently, put his physical peculiarities to a practical use, for, by feigning illness outside private houses, he has been the recipient o sympathy in a very substantial form.

Tempting Confectionery.

Hay lozenges are the popular confectionery among army horses in the Philippines and South Africa. The food, or, rather, the form of it, is a Yankee invention, called into existence by the circumstance of war in a country lacking good roads. Hay put up in the ordinary bale cannot be transported on horseback, because of its weight and bulk. It is therefore compressed by powerful machinery into discs a foot or eighteen inches in diameter and two inches thick. The discs are packed into rolls and hung in slings from the horse's back, one on each side. A single lozenge, when broken up and opened out, makes a meal for a horse or mule, and will cure him of that hungry feeling as quickly as a mangerful of fresh hay. The compactness of the new bale also means a great saving in freight.

Things He Didn't Understand.

At the table on an incoming liner on a recent trip one of the first cabin passengers found in an oyster one of the many seed pearls which look almost exactly like bird shot. Apparently the formation of pearls was a mystery to him, for he examined the thing curiously, picked it up gingerly, and laid it on the tablecloth for further investigation. Now, it is the habit of cooks at sea to carry fishhooks in their pockets, and on this trip, by a curious coincidence, part of a small hook got caught in a piece of beefsteak that was served to this particular passenger. As soon as his knife encountered the hard object he started, picked it out carefully, and laid it beside his other find on the cloth. Then he beckoned to the steward and confidentially whispered in his ear: "I don't want to be impertinent," he said, "but would you mind telling me where you shoot your oysters and why you catch your steaks with a hook and line?"

Meaning in a Name.

It is curious to note at this juncture that Lord Methuen bears a singularly ill-omened name. "Methuen," as a Welsh word, means "to fail," and in Hebrew, "are dead."

Cooking Marvels.

At a culinary exhibition now being held in Paris there are on show a castle built of nougat, a windmill of pie-crust in a garden of sugar flowers, and a basket of marzipan potatoes. Among the dishes displayed also are a draughtboard, with a game in progress, the whole being entirely composed of sugar and almonds.

One Meal a Week.

A man who was formerly burdened with the weight of nearly thirty stone, by means of dieting has in six years reduced it by one-half, and is just as well and healthy as ever. He passed a year on meals served at the rate of one a week, and for five years he only took one meal a day. He eats bread, butter and meat, drinks no coffee, and smokes one cigar in seven days, instead of one hundred and forty cigars as of yore. He also takes a long daily walk.

Writing Novels when Asleep.

A Chicago girl has recently broken a strange record, namely, that of doing curious things in her sleep. Though she has only been at school for a year, which cannot be concealed in her waking moments, when asleep she writes books, sometimes even in French and German. The writing of the stories is very polished, but all the endings are sombre and realistic. Here are other things she did in her sleep:—Rode three miles on a bicycle in her night-dress and woke up in a ditch; hid her jewellery and spent waking hours hunting it without success, then found it in her sleep; woke up once and found herself dressed and in a railway train.

Hard on the Member.

An amusing practical joke has just been perpetrated in a Continental club. A member hurt his finger, and not wishing to consult his own doctor he asked a brother member, who was a physician, to look at it. The physician did so, and to the patient's surprise, sent in a bill for ten shillings. The victim showed the bill to another member, who was a solicitor, and asked him what he should do. The solicitor promptly advised him to pay the bill, and sent him in another for ten shillings for advice given. The man complained of his treatment to yet another member, who reported him to the committee for failing to meet his obligations. He was ultimately fined a case of champagne.

Characters in Tongues.

When the doctor is called to a patient, he says "Let me see your tongue," but it is not for the same reason that Society is now showing that unruly member when asked the same question. No, the latest fad competing with palmistry is "glossomanicie," or "tinguistolgie," meaning no less than the delineation of character from the shape of the tongue. According to the new science, a big tongue indicates frankness; a short tongue, dissimulation; a large tongue, generous feelings; a narrow tongue, concentration of ideas. Long and broad tongues indicate fondness for talk; short and broad, equal capacity to talk, but not speak the truth; shortness and narrowness are the signs of Machiavellian lying. A coated tongue isn't in it, of course, for that sort of tongue speaks for itself and the revelry indulged in over night.

An Insurance Problem.

The manager of a life insurance company received a letter from the holder of a policy for £4,000, stating that his physician advised him that an immediate operation for appendicitis was necessary, involving, with hospital expenses, an expenditure of £160, which the writer had no means of paying. The letter proceeded:—"I am sensible that I owe it to you, who have so large a pecuniary interest in my life, to give you the option to pay the cost of this operation to save my life, that I may continue to pay you the yearly premiums on my policy (I believe that I am otherwise strong and healthy), or in the alternative to pay the £4,000 to my beneficiary within a few weeks." The manager is at a loss to know whether or not, from a business standpoint, the company should pay the cost of operating.

A Smoking Competition.

The mania for foolish contests is not confined to this country. The ridiculous pigeon-eating competitions, which seem, happily, to have died out in England, have their counterpart in the new form of "sport" which is now in vogue in Germany. This novel contest, which is known as a "smoking race," is said to have grown very popular. Specially constructed racing pipes, possessing immense bowls, are utilised, the size being identical for each competitor, and the tobacco is carefully weighed before it is put therein. When the starter gives the word, the smokers, seated in a circle, begin operations in the presence of an interested assemblage of spectators and backers. The man who consumes his tobacco the quickest is, of course, declared the winner. This kind of competition proves nothing save the "wery powerful suction," as Tony Weller would put it, of the winner, and that might well be taken for granted.

A Camera's Discovery.

A novel use for photography has been stumbled upon accidentally by an amateur who made his discovery in a most unexpected manner. He had been amusing himself by taking snapshots of his friends, and on the evening of the day after that on which he had taken them he developed the films. On printing them he was surprised to see that on the face of one of the girls, of remarkably smooth and fair complexion, were to be found a large number of black spots, which appeared only upon her face and hands, the rest of the members of the various groups being free from them. The artist was greatly puzzled over this unaccountable circumstance, studied both the negatives and the prints with and without a microscope, but could find no explanation of the phenomenon. At last he put the pictures in his pocket and started out to show them to the girl herself, desiring to know what she would think of the defects which seemed to be her peculiar property. On his way he was met by the news that the girl had during the night been stricken with smallpox and was already on her way to the hospital.

FIVE SHILLINGS A DAY FOR LIFE! A huge price for a simple task. Particulars later.

"As a Man Sows."

Grace Deane.

POWERFUL NEW SERIAL.

Beware the woman with ruddy hair,
For her hate is red, and she weaveth a snare
That spelleth woe to Malyon's heir.

Extract from a document in the possession of the Malyon family.

By the author of "Fettered Lives."

Jack Halward.

FOR NEW READERS.

GILBERT MALYON, Sir Royle Malyon's son and heir, has ruined Nell Riordan, a cottager's daughter living on his father's estate. An attractive exterior covers a blackguard, and a coward to boot. Luke Riordan, in whose veins flows gipsy blood, is searching for him. "He'll have to come back along with me," he tells Sir Royle, "and marry my sister Nell, else, sure as there's a God above us, I'll swing for him!" The Malyon estates are entailed. Sir Royle has practically disowned, but cannot disinherit his reprobate son—except with his own consent.

Fear of Luke Riordan has so preyed on Gilbert Malyon that he has exiled himself to an obscure sea-side place in Normandy, where he passes under the name of Geoffrey Marsh. His dual identity is known only to Jonas Gride, a money-lending solicitor.

One night, Malyon, cycling in Normandy under his alias, is overtaken by a storm, and seeks shelter at the first house he encounters. In the intense darkness he makes for the nearest point of light, and peers through a chink in the shuttered window. A ghastly sight paralyses him. A man in evening dress lies back in a chair, dead, his shirt-front red with blood. Then a woman, hooded and cloaked, her face invisible to the unseen watcher, glides in and fires the room by dashing the lamp to the ground. Gilbert Malyon reels away from the window, misses his foothold, and falls. As he rises a lightning flash splits the dark. A woman is moving towards him. Only a brief second of light; but her beautiful, cruel face—surrounded by red-gold hair—is printed indelibly on his mind. Then he is stunned by a blow from behind.

Sir Royle Malyon reads an account of a grim mystery, the mystery of La Maison Rouge, near Bonneville, in Normandy. He little dreams that the Geoffrey Marsh who figures in the narrative is his son. It is a complete mystery. Fire has swallowed up all trace of the crime. The murdered man was a Mr. Murthwaite, an eccentric recluse. The investigation is in the hands of Charbonel, a famous French detective, who has practically nothing to go upon but Geoffrey Marsh's description of the woman's face.

Mr. Reuben Grimwood, M.A., one of life's semi-failures, and Sir Royle's secretary, is compiling a history of the Malyons from the family records. He discovers a curious doggerel rhyme, foretelling that a woman with ruddy hair will spell woe to Malyon's heir. He is also interested in certain plate melted down in the reign of Charles I.

A year passes. Nell Riordan has died, and is buried in Rushford churchyard. Sir Royle is on the eve of marriage with a beautiful woman with red-gold hair, a widow he has met abroad. The night before the wedding a deformed dwarf steals into the churchyard and strews flowers on Nell Riordan's grave. Next day the villagers and tenants are waiting outside the church for Sir Royle and his bride. Sir Royle leaves the church, his bride on his arm. Suddenly she pauses, and stares horror-stricken towards the Malyon vault. Carved in the granite are the words—"Murder will out!"

The scene changes to London. Jack Halward, bound for America to sell his ranche in order to realise his capital wherewith to get married, is saying good-bye to Grace Deane, his *fiancée*. Grace Deane, pretty, lovable, a little vain, a little weak, is returning sorrowfully to Blackley's, the big shop where she is employed, when an attractive, good-looking young man saves her from being run over. It is Gilbert Malyon, who has secretly come to London to raise money. He introduces himself as Geoffrey Marsh. When Halward returns, six months later, Grace has eloped, leaving a letter asking for forgiveness. She has married Gilbert Malyon as Geoffrey Marsh, knowing nothing of his real identity. Halward goes out into the night broken-hearted. He finds himself in a slum. A drunken seaman, armed with a knife, chases a wretched woman out of a public-house. Another woman, splendid-looking and wild, keeps the drunkard at bay. She is Flash Meg, thief and decoy. Halward closes with the man, smashes the knife out of his hand, and stuns him. He is wounded in the arm. Flash Meg binds it up with her scarf.

"You were splendid!" says Halward, a man of pluck and a lover of pluck. "It's you who were splendid!" mutters Flash Meg after he has gone, and then makes her way to a second-hand furniture shop in none too respectable a quarter owned by Bartholomew Boote. Mr. Boote has a visitor who leaves stealthily without being seen by Flash Meg. It is Reuben Grimwood, M.A., Sir Royle's secretary.

A year elapses. Grace Deane, now Grace Marsh, is a mother of a little son. She little dreams that he is a Malyon and next heir after his father to the Malyon estates. She knows her husband's true character now. Lady Malyon is also a mother. She loves her son fiercely. She hates Gilbert Malyon, whom she has never seen, for standing between her child and the succession to the title and estates.

A caravan is drawn up outside Rushford. Its occupant whispers the name of "Grace" in a reverie.

Lady Malyon questions her husband about Gilbert. He shows her a photograph. She turns white as death. At that moment the butler enters and whispers to Sir Royle that Gilbert has arrived and is in the library. Sir Royle tells his wife. Her terror increases.

"That face!" she hisses, staring at the photograph after Sir Royle has left to interview his son. Then she clutches her side. Her own photograph stands on a table in the library.

CHAPTER III.

Sergeant Thrupp Investigates a Caravan—Two Mothers and their Babes—"Gilbert is here—in the Library!"—"That Face!"

JUST when she had achieved her ambition, when the delights of a luxurious, worldly life seemed within her grasp, when the pride and joy of motherhood opened out a new vista before her, the mirage had suddenly lifted. She was standing on the brink of an abyss!

Her self-possession had momentarily deserted her. Her left hand still grasping Gilbert Malyon's photograph, the other pressed to her side, she stood swaying a little, a picture of despair and irresolution.

"Geoffrey Marsh—Gilbert Malyon!" she whispered.

What was happening in the library? Had he seen, recognised her photograph? Yet if he had, could he prove anything? It was two years since! No, by himself, he could prove nothing. But there was someone else who might, once let him get upon her track, someone whom she had never seen, but of whom she had read that he was possessed of the patience of a Job and the instincts of a ferret—Charbonel, the famous French detective!

She flung on to the table the portrait of the man whom Fate, with grim irony, had conjured back into her life. For a moment her mind harked away to her little son lying in peaceful sleep—then she drew a jewelled hand sharply across her eyes to blot out a vision that had risen up before her; a vision of many people, of an upstanding frame-work, at its summit a glittering triangle of steel.

Every moment was precious, but she could shape no plan in her burning brain. She clasped her hands together. The look in her eyes was that of a beautiful animal suddenly trapped.

She must find out what was happening in the library! She took a step towards the door, then, with a change of purpose, turned, and, gathering up her trailing gown, passed out through the open windows on to the lawn.

The night was warm. Keeping well within the shadow cast by the building, she stole across the carriage-drive towards where the library windows, lead-latticed and bay, abutted out on to another lawn.

She was moving on tip-toe; but the gravel of the drive scrunched. Her garments, silk upon silk, swished. Slight sounds, but they gave warning of her approach to the crouching man who, hidden by the bay, was peering through an open window, through a gap between the thick curtains, into the library where Sir Royle Malyon sternly faced his reprobate son. The unseen watcher was not cumbered with silk skirts. There was no noise as, steathily as a ghost, he glided away into the darkness of a shrubbery.

Lady Malyon crept round to the open window. Crouching down, she peered in. Through the gaping curtains she could see her husband; she could see a silver frame standing on a table.

She turned round with a start. A faint sound had reached her. She listened with straining ears. Silence again, save for a hard, metallic voice coming from the library. A rat or rabbit, perhaps, in the shrubbery—perhaps the evening breeze stirring the leaves. She peered into the room again; her eyes sought the silver frame, drawn as by a magnet. The other occupant of the room was invisible.

Sir Royle was speaking. His words were audible to the crouching, white-faced eavesdropper.

"Understand, that whatever feelings of affection I may have once had for you are now utterly dead. You have disgraced our name, our family. I have had to bear the brunt. This interview is entirely of your own seeking. After two years you come to me, not to express contrition or ask forgiveness, but to demand money. I am willing to let you have it—on my own terms. Do you know, sir, that I received a private letter to-day from a firm of solicitors acting on behalf of a Mr. Manley Kempton. They inform me that you have forged his name for a thousand pounds; that unless the money is refunded within a specified time, the law must take its course. Can you deny this?"

There was a moment's silence. Then a defiant, reckless "No!"

"Now, sir"—Sir Royle's voice sounded harsher than before—"I am willing to buy up your forgery, to settle a life-allowance on you, on these conditions: My solicitor tells me that, with your consent, it will be possible to cut the entail of the estates—provided that you have no living, legitimate issue. From what I know of you"—the words were spoken in biting tones of contempt—"you are not of a marrying disposition. You're not married?"

For a moment the white-faced woman forgot the silver frame as she strained her ears to catch the answer. There was another silence. At last the answer came, slowly and doggedly spoken: "No!"

Lady Malyon clasped her hands together. Her thoughts were with her child now. It might yet be! Then her eyes sought again the silver frame. She shivered.

"You are prepared to swear that on oath before witnesses?"

Another silence. Then, for a second time, Gilbert Malyon denied his wife and child

"Yes!"

"Then"—there was no mistaking the note of relief in Sir Royle's voice—"if you choose to consent to the cutting of the entail, if you will give an undertaking to live abroad—I am not going to mince matters, I wish to have done with you, once and for all. I am prepared to buy up your forgery and make you an allowance of a thousand a year. If not, I stand on one side, and you can look to yourself. These are my conditions!"

A low, reckless laugh rang out.

"So this is the mess of pottage you offer me for my birthright?"

"I want your answer—yes or no?"

A long, very long silence followed.

Gilbert Malyon was standing by the fireplace. His overcoat was unbuttoned; but the collar still upturned. A white silk muffler was about his throat. In the subdued artificial light the false moustache and wig that he was wearing looked natural enough. There are some men who cannot go straight. He was of this type. Since when some year ago, he had married Grace Deane at a registry-office under the name of Geoffrey Marsh, the process of moral rot and deterioration, accelerated by drink and fast living, had been going on apace.

A few weeks had been sufficient to satiate his passion, and he had long since reviled the day on which, infatuated by a pretty face and dainty figure, unable to attain his end otherwise, he had committed the supreme folly of marriage. He had slung another mill-stone round his neck, and there were others in good truth. Luke Riordan was somewhere knocking about the world, looking for him. He was hopelessly in the clutches of one Jonas Gride, solicitor and moneylender, and who, once let him succeed to the title and estates, would fasten on to him and suck him like a leech. He had raised the last possible penny on his expectations. And now the penalty of forgery, like the sword of Damocles, hung suspended over his head.

As a man sows, he must reap! Gilbert Malyon had sown the wind, and was reaping the whirl-wind!

There had been a time when he longed to come back into the social world, from which dread of Luke Riordan had exiled him. But with moral deterioration, this longing had waned. Boon companions and pretty women were to be found outside the charmed circle. Self-indulgence—no matter the pain, no matter the cost—was the key-note of his character. A bird in the hand was worth two in the bush. It might be years before he inherited the Malyon estates, and then the problems of Jonas Gride, and his wife and child, and Luke Riordan might still be facing him, and in the meantime—the mess of pottage let it be there, and let the birth-right go hang! Give wife and child the slip, give Gride the slip, and away to some southern country where the sun was hot, and the red wine strong. Why tack and beat up into the teeth of wind? Pay out the sheet and run before it. Make the most of the present.

"I want your answer—yes or no?"

Sir Royle repeated his question, no sign of the inward suspense on the proud, stern face.

"Make it a thousand pounds down on signing the papers," answered Gilbert Malyon recklessly, almost insolently, "and two thousand a year—it won't pinch you, you'll be getting me cheap at the price—and I'll sign any confounded paper you like."

Sir Royle had succeeded beyond his expectations. He had entered the library with the feelings of a man embarked upon a forlorn hope. Yet even now contempt mastered his sense of triumph. The title must pass to his first-born; but, otherwise, once the formalities completed, Sir Royle would be a free man, no longer a life-tenant, free to make provision for his wife and second son as he wished. Yet the reckless ease with which his son was prepared to barter his birth-right had nauseated him. Had he refused, defied him to do his worst, it would have proved that at least he inherited something of the Malyon will and pluck. In his heart of hearts the baronet would have respected him more.

"Yes," he said, "I will stretch the point—agree to that. But I shall not go a step beyond!"

Outside, the listening woman had again momentarily forgotten the framed photograph. The mother was uppermost. Her heart was throbbing with a fierce joy. Her little son would be heir now—heir to all but the title, and that, perhaps, one day, might be his. Her own future would be assured, no retiring into the background on a small income. But again the frame intruded itself relentlessly upon her thoughts. If only the interview passed without him seeing it!

"I shall be in London to-morrow," said Sir Royle, "I will meet you at my solicitor's at three o'clock."

"Very good."

"Then, as far as I can see, there is no need to prolong this interview. You will return to London to-night. From the manner of your coming, I take it you're not anxious to remain in the neighbourhood longer than necessary."

"I've sent the cab away."

Sir Royle moved across to a telephone, rang up, and spoke a message through to the stables.

"Come, governor," said Gilbert, "this is probably the last time we shall be alone together—to-morrow it will be a matter of business. After that, we may not meet again. Shake hands!"

Sir Royle placed his hands behind his back, and looked frigidly. He had hardened his heart against his son.

"It is purely a matter of business now. I do not shake hands with forgers!"

He had spoken from the bitterness of his heart. Yet the words, perhaps, might just as well have been left unsaid. For a moment, sunk and depraved beyond repair though he was, a feeling of regret had been awakened in Gilbert Malyon's heart—a remembrance of the affection that existed between them before he had started on his race along the downward path. The biting words had withered it up.

Eight complete tales, all for one penny. See this week's SHORT STORIES.

"Let it stand at that," he said, with a reckless, bitter laugh. "A matter of business—a bargain!"

He turned away and paced up the room; then pulled up suddenly in front of a photograph that, framed in silver, stood on a table.

He was still invisible to the woman outside; but she saw a hand stretch across the gap in the curtains, grip the frame, and raise it from the table.

Her lips tightened like catgut across her white teeth. Could a wish have killed, Gilbert Malyon would have been stricken dead. She dug her hands into her bosom!

It had come to pass!

A moment of silence that seemed an eternity; then Gilbert Malyon's voice, hoarse and strikingly changed:

"In Heaven's name, who's this woman?"

His eyes were riveted staringly on the face.

"That, sir," rasped out Sir Royle, "is Lady Malyon!"

A crash of splintering glass. The frame had fallen from Gilbert Malyon's hand.

"Your—your wife?"

Sir Royle was staring at him with an expression of blank amazement.

"What's come over you? What are you doing? Have you been drinking, or are your senses taking leave of you?"

"You have married that woman! Do you know?"

Outside the woman with red-gold hair, her face the colour of death, had ceased to breathe—seemed turned into stone.

But the sentence was not finished. Gilbert Malyon had paused suddenly as if some thought had flashed through his mind. He stooped down and picked up the frame from the floor. Sir Royle, anger and amazement both expressed on his features, was watching his every movement.

Gilbert Malyon stared fixedly at the photograph for a few moments; then he gave vent to one of his reckless laughs; but its ring was curiously artificial.

"I'm—I'm awfully sorry," he said in a strained voice, "it's a mistake. But I was startled. The face reminded me of, in fact, for the moment I thought it was someone I once met under extraordinary circumstances—a veritable she-devil of a woman. But it's a mistake, an obvious mistake, now that I look at it more closely."

The grey-faced listener was breathing again. The rigor of feature and limb had relaxed. Instinct told her that he was lying for some unknown reason; but a respite had been granted her. Yet for how long?

Sir Royle did not answer. His face was dark with anger. The episode had jarred upon him. It was an insult to the beautiful woman whom he had honoured by marrying that his degenerate son should have confounded her with some disreputable creature whom he had, perhaps, encountered in his miserable career.

A closed carriage, drawn by two horses, now swung round from the stables to the house. The abutting windows screened the listening woman.

A few moments later, Miles, the butler, having knocked, entered the library.

"The carriage, Sir Royle."

Father and son, both silent, were standing far apart. Miles retired, the door closed behind him, he shook his white head sorrowfully.

"To-morrow, then," said Sir Royle, in an inflexionless voice, "three o'clock at Gray's Inn. The carriage is waiting for you. You will catch the fast London train."

Gilbert Malyon had placed the frame upon the table. He cast a final glance at it; moved slowly towards the door; then turned. Sir Royle stood by the fire-place now. His face might have been of marble. His hands were clasped behind his back.

Gilbert Malyon hesitated. His lips moved as if to speak; but closed up tightly. Without uttering a word, with a last bitter, curious glance at the stern, unmoving figure, he swung round on his heels and passed from the room. Sir Royle only stirred when the door closed to. He covered his eyes with his hand. Pride had steeled his heart; but the father's instincts were not utterly dead. There had been a time when he had built his hopes on the son with whom he had parted as a stranger.

Miles had escorted Gilbert Malyon to the carriage.

"The station, Pettiss," he said to the coachman, who little dreamt who it was he was about to drive.

The carriage rolled away swiftly.

Gilbert Malyon leant back against the cushions, in appearance, beneath his disguise, changed but little since when he first met and fascinated Grace Deane, though his complexion had developed rather a muddy look, and a faint discoloration showed round the eyes. His hands were generally a little shaky, particularly in the morning. But he was still attractive and fascinating in his outward person, and could be in manner when it so pleased him, or some end were in view. He belonged to the order of whited sepulchres.

"That face!" he muttered beneath his teeth. "My God! As if I could ever forget that face! The woman of La Maison Rouge—his wife!"

He thrust his thumb between his teeth, and started to gnaw it. But for the fact that he had made up his mind to discard his wife and child, that it was essential now to deny their existence if he were to obtain the money, the interview between himself and Sir Royle might have ended very differently. This it was that had stayed his tongue. To have proclaimed the truth he must have proclaimed himself Geoffrey Marsh, and there was Mrs. Geoffrey Marsh, and little Geoff away in France. Well, Geoffrey Marsh had ceased to exist now. For a moment his thoughts had wandered away; but they returned again to the woman of La Maison Rouge.

"His wife!" he whispered, "and I'm to be shelved for her and her brat. If he hadn't treated me like so much dirt; practically told me to go to the deuce, I'd have done my best to break it to him gently for the sake of auld lang syne. So you don't shake hands with forgers? You, and your infernal family pride! Wait till you learn the truth about the she-devil you've taken to your bosom! I will, I'll see that Charbonel gets on her track, I will, by Heaven!"

While he thus muttered to himself, he had been tugging and working at a ring on the little finger of his left hand; but he could not draw it over the joint. It was a gold trick-ring. The two hands that were clasped together could be pulled apart. Beneath them were two little hearts, side by side, and joined.

"Grace" was carved on the one heart, on the other "Geoffrey." And beneath these words, running across the two hearts, in almost microscopic letters, "Married, Sept. 16, 1900."

Grace Deane had given it to him, had put it on his finger herself the day they had been married at the registry office. But he had done with her now, and he wanted to have done with the ring. But, try as he would, he could not draw it over the joint; and though he sucked his finger it proved of no avail.

"The thing's hopelessly stuck there," he muttered, "I shall have to file it through. It might be the means of giving me away. You never know!"

He was right. One never knows what the future has in store for us. It is as well.

As the carriage swung out through the great gates, the clock in the church turret struck the hour of ten.

Gilbert Malyon leant forward and caught a glimpse of the church. It recalled some unpleasant memory. He glanced out again as the carriage dashed past the entrance of a lane down which he had often wandered, once upon a time, with dark-eyed, handsome, Nell Riordan.

"I've made a frightful hash of my life," he half moaned. "I wish to Heaven I could have it all over again!"

It is never too late to repent; but, unfortunately the words had been spoken, not in a spirit of repentance, but in a spirit of selfish regret.

"A thousand down and two thousand a year. Yes, I ought to be able to get along all right——"

Then he suddenly clenched up his hands and gave vent to a foul oath. He had blundered. When he had agreed to his father's terms, sprung upon him suddenly, he had fancied that there was practically no chance of his wife getting a clue to his real identity, so cunningly had he played his cards. But he remembered something now!

Grace knew the address of Jonas Gride, who, though knowing nothing of his clandestine marriage, knew the secret of his real identity.

"Fool!" he hissed. "Infernal fool!"

CHAPTER IV.

Grace Marsh Makes the Acquaintance of Monsieur Charbonel and General Boulanger—"If ze Woman Use her Left Hand or her Right!"

LEAVING Gilbert Malyon on the road to Rushford Station' reviling himself for a fool, we must, for a brief while, cross the water to Normandy.

Vilneux was a fishing village rather than a seaside resort, though in the summer a few French folk migrated there in search of quiet or for the sake of their children. The sands were broad.

It was to Vilneux, to none too commodious quarters in a fisherman's cottage, that "Geoffrey Marsh" had taken his bride.

The first three weeks had been a dream of happiness to Grace. It would have been a perfect dream but for the whisperings of conscience. There were times when a man's strong, plain face, with reproachful grey eyes, would rise up before her. But love is selfish, after the hurry and bustle of Blackley's, after London life, the quiet of the village, the beauty of the ever-changing sea, the strong, invigorating breezes that blew over the cliffs—it had all been glorious. And Geoff—as he was to her—in the first flush and novelty of the thing, had proved as ardent and devoted a lover as any woman could have desired. Foolish, trusting little Gracie! She had never for one moment doubted his garbled stories about his past life; every word that came from his lips had been firmly believed. But a month of honeymooning sufficed for him. He had drained the flower of its honey, and was tired of it. It was necessary for him to go to England on business, he had said. It was a lie. He went to Paris. He had come back, one evening, after a week's absence, drunk. When Grace, scarcely believing her ears, had cried bitterly, he struck her and called her a little fool! Worse happenings followed. Then the child had been born. He was away—in Paris.

It was late afternoon as Grace Marsh, nursing her little Geoff, sat in one of the cottage windows, crooning out a song as she watched the sea redden with the fire of the setting sun. The little mite in her arms was the most precious thing in the world to her now. She knew her husband to be unfaithful and a drunkard; but he was the father of her child. She still hoped that the child might be the means of reclaiming him, and bringing them together again. She still clung to the idea that he was not beyond redemption. She was ready to forgive him, to forget his cruelty, if he could only be to her as he had been those first weeks of their married life. But her heart was heavy as she watched the sea change from red to gold, from gold to cold dull grey. An undefinable sense of coming disaster was upon her. For consolation she hugged her child a little closer. More than a week had passed, and not even a postcard had reached her from her husband. The small stock of money he had grudgingly left her was running low.

She shivered at a thought that passed through her mind. What if he should never come back? Then her cruel imagination conjured up an image of a strong, plain face. She gave a little sob. Her eyes were dimmed with tears as she glanced up at Madame Fauvel, her landlady, who had entered, carrying a kettle of boiling water in one hand and a jug of cold in the other. The important business of bathing the baby was about to take place. She was a kindly woman, Madame Fauvel, and she was very fond of, and very sorry for the little girl-mother, as she called Grace behind her back; and she had a great contempt for the husband.

Madame Fauvel, her hands on her hips, stood by while Grace, having donned a great apron, gave the little man his bath. And when he started to kick and splash and crow with delight, Grace's pretty face lighted up all over with happiness; her violet eyes sparkled. Her troubles were momentarily forgotten. She could speak French tolerably now, and understood it well. She kept glancing up at Madame ever so proudly.

Hadn't he a splendid chest? Wasn't his little back straight? Did Madame notice that his hair was beginning to show signs of curling?

It is indeed wonderful what curliness a fond mother will see in a little bit of fluff on a bald head.

Madame, of course, agreed in all things, and laughed, and made strange sounds at the child, and even went so far as to execute a mild form of war dance. At last, after much rubbing with towels, and powderings and puffings and other mysterious operations, the little man was tucked away cosily in a wicker cot on rockers, a cheap thing, but quite as comfortable as a certain costly affair with silk curtains and ribboned fripperies in which, away across the water at Malyon Hall, another child lay sleeping.

When Grace bent over the cot and kissed the little man with all a mother's tenderness and love, she looked, with her sunny rumpled hair, and her sparkling eyes, and flushed cheeks, as pretty, as fresh, as young as she had been in the days before Geoffrey Marsh had crossed her path. But it was another tale when, having passed into the adjoining room, she sat alone in the evening light and stared out over the sea. She was only twenty.

"But for little Geoff," she whispered to herself, "I—I couldn't bear it!"

Her heart was aching with loneliness and home-sickness. She had practically no friends. She had cut herself adrift from all old associations for the sake of the man she had married!

A heavy hammering at the knocker awakened her from her reverie. When Madame Fauvel, carrying a lamp, entered, her expression suggested mystery and importance.

Monsieur Charbonel, she said, the famous Monsieur Charbonel, had called to see Monsieur Marsh. He was disappointed to hear that he was away; but might he be permitted to speak to Madame Marsh?

It was a matter of two years old now the mystery of La Maison Rouge, but it was still a frequent subject of conversation in Normandy.

"Yes, certainly!" answered Grace. She had heard of M. Charbonel from Geoff; but he had not described him.

The gentleman who entered was some six feet in height, enormously fat, and must have weighed well over seventeen stone. Grace fancied she had never seen anyone so ponderous-looking before in her life. His jocund-looking face, with its little waxed upturned moustache and beard close-trimmed into a point was fat; his big hands were fat. He carried a stove-pipe hat with a straight broad brim. He was wearing a black alpaca coat, one pocket of which bulged and which Grace fancied she saw move slightly. His trousers were very loose round the hips, and very tight round the ankles.

He bowed low and gracefully.

"Madame Marsh," he said in French, and in a rather wheezy, asthmatical voice, "I thank you for this privilege. I am deeply sorry to miss your husband. But you would prefer me to speak in Engleesh"—he changed into English. "I speak ze Engleesh very well. I have been made a mistake for an Engleesh man."

She was not feeling particularly merry, poor little Grace, but it was all she could do to prevent herself from laughing outright. Monsieur Charbonel had extended both his hands, and looked at her triumphantly.

"Madame," he went on, "I have a little friend wiz me. May I have ze pleasure to make ze introduction of him to you?"

For a moment Grace fancied that Monsieur Charbonel had left his friend outside.

"With pleasure," she answered.

Monsieur Charbonel dived into his bulging pocket, and produced a tiny little fluffy dog, of some toy breed.

"Madame, zis is my dear leetle friend. I name him General Boulanger."

He placed the animated little pen-wiper on his huge open hand; then in French:

"*Mon Général, attention!*"

The little creature stood up promptly on its hind legs.

"A wonderful leetle fellow is my General. He play many tricks. He goes wiz me everywhere. Zis, Madame, is my excuse for intruding himself upon you. Once I lose him. Ah, Madame, my anguish, my grief, I go all but mad! Zen I find him. I weep ze tears of joy!"

Monsieur Charbonel was fondling the dog most affectionately now. His small eyes had a moist look.

"Ah, Madame, but I delay ze time. I have been at Bonneville for a day or three. I came here to ask your husband a question. He is out. Will he come back soon?"

"I—I can't quite say."

"Might I ask you for ze address."

Grace's face flushed scarlet. Monsieur Charbonel apparently did not notice. He was fondling General Boulanger again.

"I—I couldn't quite tell you. He went to England on—on private business."

"Ah, well, Madame, I will intrust you wiz a question from me. You will ask him, please, to send me ze answer to Paris. It is concerning ze Maison Rouge affair. It is a question of ze memory."

Charbonel paused to screw up one end of his moustache that had dropped a little.

"Will you please ask him if he can remember on ze night of ze murder, when he peer through ze shutter into ze room of La Maison Rouge, when ze woman enter, and pick up ze lamp and dash it to ze ground—will you ask him if he can remember if ze woman use her left hand or her right?"

"Yes, I will give your message, Monsieur Charbonel—when he comes back."

"If," repeated Charbonel, "ze woman use her left hand or her right!"

"Yes."

"A thousand thanks. I have much travel before me"—he gave a deep sigh—"I do not like travel—ze carriage is so small, and I so very big. And ze leetle beds on ze steamer. Ah, terrible!"

He returned General Boulanger to his pocket.

"In ze streets he is more safe there. Madame, a thousand thanks. My kind greeting to your husband. I will not say adieu—*au revoir!*"

He bowed low and gracefully in spite of his enormous bulk. He backed towards the door, and paused on the threshold.

"If ze woman use her left hand or her right!"

(*Continued on page 649.*)

FIVE SHILLINGS A DAY FOR LIFE! [illegible]

CHAPTER V.

Of Jack Halward and his Caravan—He Gives a Tramp a Lift along the Road—A Conversation in Rushford Churchyard—Luke Riordan on the Track!

THE caravan that stood some little distance outside the village of Rushford and had aroused the interest of the highly self-opinionated Sergeant Thrupp, was drawn up alongside the road leading to the railway station, a matter of nearly two miles from the village itself. Its occupant still leant out through the opened top of the door staring thoughtfully into the darkness. The fragrant odour of tobacco mingled now with the sweet-scented evening air.

It was Jack Halward.

A year had deepened certain lines, and had intensified the look of strength on his plain, square face. Its expression was that of a man who had suffered, but had set his teeth and kept his suffering to himself, and was the stronger and the better for having done so.

It had, indeed, been a terribly hard fight at first. He had loved Grace Deane with all his heart and soul. He had put her upon a pedestal that she by no means deserved; had endowed her with qualities she had not possessed. Then, the shattering of the idol. After the first cruel shock, he had framed excuses for her, blamed himself, and had forgiven her; but the idol had been shattered. He would have given worlds to have known that she was happy; he loved her still, but with a love that was changed, tinged a little with bitterness, and robbed of the old respect. He had looked up to her; but with the breaking of the idol, he had found the clay. This is the danger of building up an ideal. A man is liable to forget that it is an ideal and think it real—then the crash and the bitterness of the awakening. The broken pieces of an idol may be put together again; but it is not the same. It has a cracked look.

A year had somewhat altered his character. Always strong, it was stronger for his struggle with grief. Such a shock as he had experienced would have narrowed and warped and embittered some men beyond repair; but, in spite of a certain cynicism that occasionally peeped out, his mind had broadened. He was more tolerant, more sympathetic than he had been.

Those people who did not understand him said that Jack Halward had lost all his old "go," and dash and daring. They were quite wrong. Under the calm, almost dreamy manner that had come to him, the man of reckless courage and iron will, quick to act in a crisis, existed unimpaired.

What had become of Grace? Was she happy? These were his thoughts as he leant out, smoking his pipe. Then his mind went back over the past. The arrival at Southampton; the journey to London; the shock; the letter Grace had written. He carried it always with him. At the time it all had been a blurr; but he could recall every detail now with perfect calmness. He still carried a memento, in the shape of a scar on his forearm, of his fray with a drunken, half-caste seaman in a London slum, and in a locker in his caravan was the gaudy-coloured scarf that a woman—"Flash Meg"—had wrapped round his wound. He kept it in remembrance of a plucky woman who held a dangerous drunkard, armed with a knife, at bay, while men stood by and shirked. Pluck always appealed to him.

He had been on the eve of returning to America when he encountered a friend of his, an author, who had been wandering round England in a caravan, gathering materials for a book. "You should try it, Jack," his friend had said, "it's a splendid cure for jarred nerves and brain worry. Fresh air and a blue sky; everchanging scenery; quaint dips into country life, into gipsy life, show-life, and here and there an adventure thrown in. Six months have made a different man of me. If you care to try it, old chap, you can have the caravan and the gee at cost price."

The idea had appealed strongly to Halward. He had closed with his friend's offer. For nearly a year now he had been a wanderer on the road, and the fascination had grown upon him. It was very mild work compared with roughing it out West; but it was restful, full of peculiar interest and suited his frame of mind. He had experienced some adventures—one in the shape of a fight with a travelling tinker whom he came upon as he was knocking his wife about with a saucepan. Jack Halward had taught him a severe lesson, polishing him off in a couple of rounds. He could be very merciless.

Not long afterwards there had been another affair of fisticuffs with a gipsy who had stolen his horse and was run down by Jack just as he was in the act of altering the horse's appearance with dye and horse-scissors—an art at which the gipsy has always been an adept. The gipsy coolly suggested that they should fight for the animal. He was a fine fellow and had figured in the prize-ring. But Halward proved himself the better man in five rounds. He parted friends with the gipsy, and rode back on his horse.

Once he made friends with a farmer on whose land he had pitched, and stayed a week, breaking in horses for him. Sometimes he had journeyed on the road with fair-folk, and had gained some insight into their lives. He was always ready to give a weary tramp or gipsy a lift on his van, and from these he had gathered various scraps of knowledge. He could patter a little Romany; knew something about the vagabond's secret code of signs.

Only that afternoon, a little while before sunset, Halward had given a man a lift along the road—a tall, big-boned man, ragged and travel-stained and gaunt, with a hungry look in his dull eyes. His black, frizzly hair and dusky skin told of a dash of gipsy blood. He had not refused Jack's offer of a slice of ham and bread, and a draught of ale. He had tramped it from the coast, he had told him, and was bound for Rushford. Halward's interest had been aroused in the man. There was a certain grim air of mystery about him. On and off he had been on the tramp, he said in answer to a question from Halward, for well-nigh two years; had visited foreign parts. He was half a Romany, and a Romany is a wanderer by instinct.

"How did you live?" Halward had asked.

"The gipsy can live where another man would starve. He's not afraid of sleeping under the open sky. He can set a snare."

"But what took you on the tramp—love of the thing?"

The gipsy eyes had flashed.

"No matter, master," the man had answered. "I might ask what's made a gentleman like you take to the road in a caravan. Thank you for the lift and the bite and sup. They were welcome. We part here."

Sunset had yielded to the dusk of twilight as, with a wave of his hand, he had slipped off the shafts and vanished into a copse that lined one side of the road.

"A strange sort," Halward had thought; "evidently knows his way about here."

Half a mile further on, having made some inquiries at a near farm, he had outspanned by the roadside.

The ragged man with gipsy hair and eyes needed no track to guide him through the copse. He had set many a snare there as a lad. He could have almost found his way blindfolded. He was making a short cut that would save the curve of the road, and avoid the need to pass through the village. He had covered some quarter of a mile with long, silent strides, before he emerged into an unfenced, rutted lane that ran along the back of Rushford churchyard. He crossed the lane. There was no gateway here into the churchyard, but just a stile in the thick-set hedge.

He clambered over, and made his way to the quiet and shadowy corner where Nell Riordan and her baby slept. Green turf covered the grave now. Fresh flowers were strewn upon it as there had been, that day, when Sir Royle Malyon led his bride from the church.

The man clenched his big-boned, brown hands together and bowed his head. A spasm convulsed the gaunt, bearded face. For a long while he stood silent; then one word, hissed out:

"Revenge!"

He had sunk down on his knees when a strange, misshapen little figure, with a huge head and humped shoulders, crept out of the deepening shadows towards him.

"Is that you, Luke?" The voice was thin and sharp.

Luke Riordan rose up and turned. There was no surprise on the gaunt, strained face.

"Aye, Seth!"

He stretched out a hand. The cripple pressed it between his own.

"Something told me," he whispered, "that you were coming back. What's brought you back? You've—you've news of him?"

"No," was the hoarse, fierce answer; "but something's brought me back. I wanted to come here—here!"—he glanced down at the grave. "Two year, now, I've been looking for him, and never a glimpse of his hateful face. I'm going up to the Hall to-night. You've heard nothing, Seth?"

"No. There's a baby up there now, Luke, cradled in purple and fine linen, and born in wedlock. And every time I see it"—the cripple's voice was sharper and more rasping—"I think of Nell and hers. I loved her, Luke, not that she had any eyes for me, except to look at me pityingly. But I loved her! I know I'm ugly—I've seen some folk shudder at the sight of me—I hate 'em for it! but can't a cripple have a heart like other folk, and love as deeply as other folk?"

His dark eyes gleamed like glow-lamps.

"And they"—he shook a puny fist in the air—"they murdered her and the baby between them! Curse them, Luke! Curse them! They deceived her; broke her heart! How I hate them! Oh, how I hate them—all!"

"'Twas you, Seth, strewed the flowers on Nell's grave?"

"Yes; I take care of it. I come here, Luke, after dusk, when there's no folk about—at least, there's one who comes here sometimes"—his voice dropped to a whisper—"but he hasn't seen me. Some folk might have taken him for a ghost, he moved so quiet. But for all his muffled up face, I knew him for Reuben Grimwood. I couldn't tell you what he was doing here; but, both times, it was long past midnight when I saw him creeping away. I come here at all times, Luke. Darkness and shadows have no fears for me. I like to come here and think. I like to be near Nell. One of these nights I shall find out what that adder, Reuben Grimwood, wants here. Oh!"—again he shook his puny fist—"I hate 'em all at the Hall. She's got red hair, the new wife up there, and they say she loves her child. Didn't Nell love hers, Luke? Sir Royle wedded the red-haired woman; but he told you, didn't he, Luke, that he'd sooner see his son dead in his grave than married to a village wanton. May they all rot—up there at the Hall!"

The cripple's great wild eyes blazed. Luke Riordan ground his teeth together. The veins were standing out on his forehead.

"Luke," went on the cripple, in a whisper like the rasping of a file, "when Sir Royle led the red-polled woman from the church, do you know what was carved upon the Malyon vault?"

"No."

"'Murder will out!' There was a hundred pounds reward, and they cleaned away the words that day; but though Sergeant Thrupp thinks himself mighty clever—the stupid dolt—no one knew who'd done it."

He gave an eerie, mirthless chuckle.

But the big-framed man seemed not to hear as he looked down at the grave.

"Luke, will you be staying long?"

"I can't say. I'm going up to the Hall. Maybe I shall glean something about *him*. Maybe I shall stay here a day or two. If I stay, Seth, you'll find me in the old place in the wood."

"Luke, you're sure to meet him some day."

"Aye, Seth. Something's always telling me that. That's what has kept me going. And when we do meet, it's him or me, or both of us, as sure as there's a God above us! There was a time when he'd have had a choice. That's past now, Seth."

The cripple shivered.

"I hate him as much as you. But is there no other way but that, Luke?"

"None!" was the hoarse, fierce answer. "A life for a life!"

For a time both stood silent.

"Seth," whispered Riordan at last, "maybe I shall be gone before the dawn, maybe not. If not, you'll find a cleft stick with a twig in it close to the hedge by the pathway into Tilley's copse, and you'll know where to look for me."

They stood together a little longer, whispering. Then a handgrip, a last glance down at the grave, and Luke Riordan moved away with long strides, crossed the stile and vanished down the lane.

Seth Scarfield, cripple and cobbler, still stood by the grave. They said of him in the village that his mind, like his body, was awry. He lived alone in a little three-roomed cottage, where he soled and heeled and generally cobbled. He was possessed of a scathing, biting tongue, as those who offended him were quick to discover; yet hidden away in his morbid heart that pain and suffering, and the consciousness of his deformity had warped and embittered, was a kind of tenderness. His wizened face might have been that of an old man; but he was not more than twenty-five years of age. In the village there was not a soul who dreamt that Seth Scarsfield was possessed of a great talent that almost amounted to genius, that those thin, twisted fingers of his could mould shapeless clay into a beautiful semblance of life, that in his hands a rough block of wood would become a thing of shapely grace. He hugged his secret to himself, practising and perfecting his art by stealth.

A seven-foot oak fence railed off the Malyon Park from the lands beyond, though they were all part and parcel of the Malyon estates. It gave Luke Riordan but little trouble to climb the fence. Once on the far side he could see the distant lights of Malyon Hall. Every inch of the Park, with its clusters of magnificent trees, its copses, its open swards, were familiar to him.

A wolfish look was on his gaunt, furrowed face as, reaching the immediate grounds surrounding the Hall, he crept silently into a shrubbery, to reappear on the lawn on which the library windows abutted. He was peering through an open window, through a gap in the thick curtains, when a cab drove up to the entrance porch.

It was Luke Riordan who had crept away into the shrubbery when Lady Malyon, with white drawn face, and a look of desperate fear in her eyes, her silk garments whispering a little, the gravel scrunching faintly under her feet, crossed the drive.

But before he crept away he had learnt who was the man who faced Sir Royle.

Gilbert Malyon, for whom he had hunted and hungered for well nigh two years!

At last!

He watched the red-haired woman, as she peered through, crouching down where he had crouched; but he scarcely wondered what had brought her there. Only one thought was uppermost, revenge!

He heard the carriage drive round; the opening of the front door, the opening and slamming to of a carriage-door. Then the words—"The station, Pettiss!"

As the carriage bearing Gilbert Malyon rolled away, he turned, and crept swiftly through the shrubbery towards the drive, meaning to reach the carriage and hitch on the axle-bar behind.

But a protruding root caught his foot and flung him to the ground.

Lady Malyon, hurrying back across the drive towards the dining-room, had heard the rustling of leaves; heard the thud. There had been a time when she possessed "no nerves;" but then there had been little to lose and everything to gain. Now, the reverse. She crushed under a cry and quickened her pace as though a spur had pricked her.

Luke Riordan was up again, but he reached the edge of the drive too late. He was well-nigh spent. The carriage was past overtaking, but he muttered to himself mechanically:

"The station, Pettiss!"

He crossed the drive and broke into a slow dogged trot. The look on his face that of a famished wolf!

God help Gilbert Malyon if he meet Luke Riordan to-night!

(To be continued.)

MR. STEBBINS: "Statistics go to show that the male population of the world is fast falling off."

Mrs. Stebbins: "Gracious me! Isn't there some way of tying them on?"

NEW-WED: "It doesn't seem possible that Phœbe and I are really married."

Old Husband: "It will, as soon as the milliner's bill is hauled round to your house."

SHE: "Oh, see that scarecrow out there in the field."

He: "That isn't a scarecrow."

"It must be. See how motionless it is."

"That's a man working by the day."

VAN JORKINS (to applicant for position of butler): "You are familiar with waiting?"

John Thomas: "Oh, yes, sir."

Van Jorkins: "Where did you get your experience?"

John Thomas: "I was a fashionable tailor, sir, and I gave long credits."

NOT very long ago, in a small country village, a supper was held in connection with a political league.

One of the joints was boiled mutton, with caper sauce. The carver, noticing one old man had finished his meat, asked him to have another helping.

"Yes, I will," said the old man, "but if you please, mister, don't give me any more of them ere sour peas."

"EXCUSE me," said the business manager to the editor, "but you promised to print that puff of Smither's Soap just as I wrote it."

"Well, didn't I?"

"No. It wasn't published at all."

"Did you write on one side of the paper only?"

"Certainly."

"Then I have published the wrong side of the manuscript."

Name-hunting is the latest pastime. You may win prizes at it by getting this week's SHORT STORIES.

TO CALLING STATESMEN NAMES, £30.

Some Things that would Happen if British M.P.'s Sat in Foreign Parliaments.

If Mr. Dillon had been a member of the French Chamber of Deputies, and had called the Colonial Minister names in that Assembly, he would have found himself not only out of the house, but out of pocket by £30.

In France, four things may happen to an unruly member. He may be called to order, which simply means he must be careful. But if he offends twice in the same sitting, and is again called to order, a note is made on the minutes of the Chamber. To be thus noted means that half a fortnight's salary is docked, which, seeing that French Deputies are paid £360 a year, would mean a loss to the unruly one of about £7.

If a member seriously offends the House, he is censured, which means the loss of half his month's salary, but if he is extremely ill-behaved, he is censured with temporary exclusion. This means he is docked of half his salary for two months, or the sum of £30. Mr. Dillon would come under the latter category, and, consequently, he would have to pay handsomely for the luxury of insulting a Minister.

Not only would he lose money in this matter, but he would have to suffer the indignity of having his offence and punishment printed and placarded all over his constituency, for which, ironically enough, he himself would have to pay the cost.

In other countries, such as Italy, Belgium, and the United States, the member would be called upon to withdraw, as is the case at St. Stephen's, but in Austria and Hungary the House cannot expel any member, so the turbulent politician who disregards rules can continue to insult ministers or others and yet remain in the House.

AUSTRIAN M.P.'s ARE ROWDY.

Let us assume that a Czech member of the Austrian Reicharath had called the Premier something unpleasant. The Speaker would first ring his bell, and then call the member in question to order. Supposing, as in the case of Mr. Dillon, he refused to withdraw, the House would be asked to decide that his having been called to order should be noted in the official report. If the disturbance continued, the Speaker could not order any member to leave the house, but would simply be empowered to suspend the whole sitting. However, nothing could prevent the member upsetting as many sittings as he liked by continued misbehaviour.

As readers are aware, the Austrian Reichsrath holds the record for chaotic sittings. About five years ago the sitting became a veritable bear garden, through the action of certain parties, and the Speaker once went so far as to fling his bell at certain groups, in the vain hope of making himself obeyed. Only recently, members were treated to the spectacle of two representatives dodging each other, one armed with a horsewhip, the other with a revolver, the weapons being designed for the mutual benefit of both.

These things the Speaker cannot prevent by expelling members as in our own Parliament.

Apart from the question of maintaining order, British M.P.'s would find things very different were the respective Parliaments to agree to exchange premises and duties for a period, and occupy each other's Houses.

BRITISH M.P.'s ARE HARDEST WORKED.

The first thing that would above all appeal to British M.P.'s if called upon to serve in any foreign chamber, would be that they would have shorter and more convenient hours, at more favourable times of year, and, in most cases, a salary, while in Austria, Italy, Sweden, Japan, and other countries, an M.P. has the right to travel free of cost over all the railways and steamship lines of the country.

With regard to hours, the British Parliament, on calculating the average amount of time put in during the year, is the hardest worked of all. On an average, he sits, or should sit, for about 884 hours during the year, or one month and six days in continuous session. Further, our M.P.'s, unlike most of their foreign brethren, have to work during the summer months, the session, as a rule, lasting from January until the latter part of August, with short adjournments at Easter and Whitsuntide.

The Belgian Chamber of Representatives works next hardest in Europe, its yearly number of hours of work averaging 624. This Chamber sits for nine months in the year, a longer period than our own, but instead of working seven hours a day as does our own for five days, it only works four hours a day four times a week, which is on the whole less of a strain than are the British rules. Further, the Belgian House does not, like our own, indulge in midnight orgies, but starts business at 1.45, closing sharp at five, giving members their evenings and mornings off.

The next hardest worked of the big Parliaments is that of Hungary, where the session goes on permanently, with the exception of a three months' summer holiday, and the usual Christmas and Easter recess. This makes about seven and a half working months. But instead of the members meeting at three o'clock, and not adjourning till after midnight, as do our own M.P.'s, the Hungarian Deputy starts at ten o'clock in the morning, and finishes business at two sharp, making a session of only four hours a day. The average number of hours per annum which the Hungarian Chamber sits is 600.

Italy comes next with 560 hours or so to its yearly credit, its Chamber sitting for four hours about 140 times a year. France's Chamber of Deputies sits for about 500 hours during the year, each sitting lasting only four and a half hours. The next in order is Austria, which sits for three days a week about five and a half hours a day for seven months, which is also about the average of the Danish House, or, as it is known in the vernacular, the "Thing." After those come, in order, Germany with about 400 hours, Holland 370, Switzerland 350, Portugal 346, and Japan, least of all, 135. The Japanese law fixes the length of a session at only three months, during the winter generally, the sittings lasting about five hours.

The best paid members of Parliament are the American Congressmen, who receive the handsome sum of £1,000 a year. Sweden pays her members of the "Riksdag" at the rate of £804 per annum, or £67 per month, which, as the session lasts for six months, puts into the member's pocket £402. The French deputy, as mentioned above, receives £360 a year.

HOW M.P.'s VOTES ARE TAKEN.

The Dutch M.P. gets £166 13s. 4d. per annum. The Japanese receives £160, which, by the way, he is legally unable to refuse, while the Belgian gets £152 for his nine months' service. Austria pays her members very poorly, namely 16s. 8d. per day, but this includes all travelling expenses. Switzerland allows her deputies 16s. a day, which, for a session of seventy days a year, means £56 for the session.

One of the things which, perhaps, a British member of Parliament would find most conspicuous if he sat in a foreign parliament, would be the very different mode of taking divisions which obtains abroad. Instead of having to troop out of the House into division lobbies, a procedure involving some discomfort, in most of the foreign Legislatures his vote would be taken while he remained in his seat, or, under certain circumstances, by his walking to the table and recording his vote in a ballot box.

In no important Parliament, save those of Germany and Britain, is the system of leaving the House, and entering a division lobby in vogue. In Austria, Belgium, Denmark, France, Italy, Japan, Holland, Portugal, Sweden, Switzerland, and the United States, members' votes are solicited in the following way: First the Speaker puts the question, and asks those in favour to rise, those against to remain seated.

If he is in doubt as to whether the "Ayes" or "Noes" have it, he either has the names of each member read over, to which the members answers "Aye" or "No," or else each member places a slip of paper or ballot ball in an urn on the President's table.

In Germany, if the result of a division is doubted, members march out of the Chamber, and re-enter, like our own, while their names are noted by tellers.

WHAT TO DO WITH A SCRATCH.

"SCARCELY a day passes when many persons do not in some way or other get a scratch, a small cut, or bruise, that may break the skin," said a medical man to *P.W.*, "but the most painful of all is that abrasion of the skin of the neck caused by a scratchy collar.

"Chemistry is employed nowadays in almost every direction and is applied to laundry work rather extensively. If any of the chemical elements should get into a slight wound on the neck the result is pernicious and tends to upset the whole organism, the general bodily disturbance being something like that which follows the appearance of a boil, or furunculus, on the neck.

"I strongly advocate the use of the celluloid collar in preference to the ordinary linen commodity whilst chemicals are used at laundries. But if linen collars must be used, then see that you have always on hand ready for immediate use a bottle of prepared carbolic acid and glycerine; and touch your bruised neck or any other abrasion, with it. This is one of the most convenient and effective germicides imaginable. Even supposing you scratched your neck with your collar and the chemicals used in dressing the latter did not penetrate into the abrasion, an injury of that sort, be it never so slight at first, might furnish excellent breeding ground for some deadly bacteria that are always floating about in the air.

"A scratch is such a simple thing in its way that nobody takes notice of it, but it is quite possible for a floating germ to come into contact with that scratch and set up a fever or some other serious ailment. Let it find entrance into the abraded skin and the germ multiplies with amazing rapidity and soon overruns the entire system."

THE daughter of the rector taught the choir boys a new tune at a Monday evening's rehearsal, to be sung on the following Sunday. Sunday morning came.

"Well, Johnny," said Miss X, "I hope you haven't forgotten the new tune, for we depend much on you."

"Naw, miss; not a bit. I've been a-skeering the crows with it all the week."

TOWNS WITH TROUBLES.

Torquay's Man Famine, and Richmond's Jealousy.

Poor Torquay suffers from a man famine. The population of the whole town is but 33,000, yet there are actually 7,000 more women than men. The poet who so plaintively inquires why can't every man have three wives, should find Torquay an ideal town, owing to the big surplus of women. At the existing rate of progress, Torquay will become a manless town; even at present it is a happy hunting-ground for bachelors.

Huddersfield, on the other hand, suffers from a baby famine. Of all our great towns Huddersfield has the lowest birth-rate, although the neighbouring town of Halifax runs its close. If this sort of thing continues babies will be so scarce in the town as to become objects of curiosity.

As a result of its babyless condition, Huddersfield is growing backwards. There are only two other county boroughs which are in the same lamentable condition; these are Bath and Chester. Bath, especially, has shrunk at a rapid rate during the last ten years.

Huddersfield has another big trouble. It is losing 400,000 gallons of water a day from its Butterley reservoir. The town constructed deep trenches, extending well into the banks of the Wessenden valley in order to hold up the water. Every precaution necessary was taken, and £284,000 or so has been spent over the job, yet the water is disappearing. In fact, the handsome town seems to have quite a run of bad luck.

Dudley not long ago was the most furiously exasperated town in the kingdom. It had determined to make a great display on the occasion of the home-coming of its volunteers from the war. The reception committee made elaborate preparations for a grand ceremonial, and all went well until it was announced suddenly that the fighting men would reach home a couple of days earlier than the date originally fixed.

Dudley was not to be beaten, however, so all the town hurriedly flocked down to the railway station, with a band of music, and as much of a procession as could be mustered at such short notice. They all waited and waited, but in vain. The volunteers did not come.

The reception committee had captured them and held them prisoners in a neighbouring town. The committee was so determined that its plans should not be upset, that it actually kept the men from home for two days. As a result of it all, Dudley lost its temper, and became tearing mad, at the miscarriage of its patriotic demonstrations.

Ipswich is upset owing to the peculiar appearance presented by the River Orwell. The Orwell has turned into a chocolate river; that is, the water has developed a deep chocolate colour, which makes the very idea of bathing nauseous. Some say the curious change has been caused by the presence of countless myriads of microscopic plants, which find something in the river which favours their growth and multiplication.

Leeds, or rather the Park Lane portion of Leeds, suffers from wild cries at the dead of night. Investigation has shown that they are due to a lady householder, who is a lover of cats. She is possessed with the idea that the Leeds police are in the habit of catching stray cats in order to wring their necks for a species of sport.

At fitful intervals during the night, whenever she awakes, in fact, she is in the habit of throwing open the window of her room. Then she shrieks, and yells out: "I see you, you villain." After this, she closes the window, and goes back to sleep, oblivious of the terror with which she has inspired some lonely pedestrian.

Richmond, in Yorkshire, suffers from jealousy of its sister, the Surrey Richmond. The Yorkshire town asserts that its scenery is finer than that of the Surrey town, and it is almost frantic when people require reminding that there are two ancient Richmonds. The Yorkshire Richmond has got consumption, and it is steadily getting weaker and weaker. Day by day it is losing its inhabitants, and soon the town will be but a small agricultural village.

Wakefield is suffering from dissipation from drunkenness. It is stated that the "merry city" is far worse than even the low part of Liverpool. Big Bradford has two convictions for drunkenness out of every 1,000 inhabitants; little Wakefield has between fourteen and fifteen. Even Leeds, with its enormous number of visitors from surrounding towns, has but four drunken people in the thousand. The surrounding portions of the West Riding state that half the people they convict of drunkenness come from Wakefield.

Scarborough is suffering from shock. The Corporation has received a letter from a recent visitor to the effect that his daughter caught scarlet-fever whilst at Scarborough. This being so, he goes on to request that the town should at once reimburse him the amount of the expenses incurred by the medical treatment, and so forth. Scarborough is staggered at this singular claim.

IT IS ALWAYS INTERESTING

to know other people's opinion of yourself, especially when that opinion is absolutely unbiassed.

If you want to know what sort of a person you are send a specimen of your handwriting to

BANER, 12 Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

enclosing six penny stamps and a stamped addressed envelope.

FIVE SHILLINGS A DAY FOR LIFE! A huge prize for a simple task. Particulars later.

Mr. P. Doubleyou becomes a Theatrical Agent and Engages a Company.

"WHAT I wish to make clear to our readers is this: that you are not only willing to undertake any commission in their interests, but that you are also competent to see it through in such a way as shall amuse and perhaps instruct them. Remember, the majority of *P.W.* readers are busy folks, and they look to us, who run the paper, for something new and something worth their attention week by week," said the old Editor to me in his best board-room manner.

"I am fully prepared, sir, to carry out your instructions, at any personal cost, provided that they are not, as in the present instance, absolutely suicidal. But when you tell me to go and be a theatrical agent, and to engage a company of men and women, I fear you do not know a tenth part of the risks I must run. Lessees, and actors, and actresses are a queer lot, and the amateur, who doesn't know their ways of doing business, may very easily let himself in for a cool £5,000, without being such a donkey as you might suppose. You would not wish me to take a West-end theatre for three months at a weekly rental of £400, and then be obliged to drop the contract, because of the leading lady's temper, would you?"

But the Editor appeared to be too pre-occupied to grasp the question. He merely waved me away, bidding me close the office door gently and mind the step.

I VISIT BEERBOHM TREE.

I wandered out in deep dejection. By and by I found myself in the Haymarket, opposite to Her Majesty's Theatre. Why should I not make a big splash? Why not, since a big splash is very often brought about by no more effort than a little one. So I thereupon decided in my own mind to take Her Majesty's Theatre for a term. With such a beautiful house success must be assured, I said to myself.

Although it was only early afternoon I thought a call at the theatre might result in my seeing Mr. Tree, the lessee and manager, for I have heard that when in town he almost lives at his theatre. On ringing a bell at the side door, I was brought face to face with a smiling commissionaire, who told me that Mr. Tree was on the premises, but that he could not possibly be seen, as I had no appointment; I could, however, see one of Mr. Tree's secretarial staff. I was conducted to a small office on the dress-circle floor, and there I was seen by a tall and rather stern gentleman, who seemed surprised when I stated my business, and who touched a bell for the return of the commissionaire as he informed me that Mr. Tree had made complete arrangements as to the letting of his theatre, during such time as he would not need it himself, for the next five years!

I GET GOOD ADVICE.

As the commissionaire led me down to the street door I again took him into my confidence—for he was such a nice smiling commissionaire. I told him I wanted, or, at least, that the Editor wished me, to become a theatrical agent, and to engage a company.

"You should go to the Strand, then, and take an office and advertise. Or, better still, if you want downright experience, go into partnership with one of the old chaps who have been at it for twenty or thirty years; they'll soon show you the ropes. It's a mistake to suppose that you must have a theatre because you want to be an agent. I don't believe there's a theatrical agent in London who has the lease of a theatre. The agent, you know, is to the rank and file of the theatrical profession exactly what Covent Garden is to the nursery gardeners and the farmers: it is the means of disposing of what they have to sell. The flower and vegetable growers sell their produce through Covent Garden, and the men and women who take part in plays sell their services to managers through the agents."

"I see, I see," I hurriedly exclaimed, as I begged the kindly commissionaire's acceptance of a tip.

After several hours of weary tramping from office to office in the neighbourhood of the Strand, I finally ran to earth, in an office in Craven Street, Charing Cross, a dear, white-haired old gentleman, who told me that he had been a prosperous agent for twenty years. When he first heard of my wish to become an agent, like himself, for a few days, he was intensely indignant. He told me in anything but polite language that I quite under-estimated the responsibility and the dignity of his calling. It had, he said, taken him years and years of patient application to master the details of his work, and to win the confidence of his large circle of clients.

"You can't pick up my profession as if it was a buttercup!" he ejaculated. Only after an hour and a half's very heated discussion, and the transfer from my hand to his of a crisp Bank of England note, did he consent to the following plan:

I to take his chair for a week, and he to act as my clerk!

Punctually, at ten o'clock the next morning, I presented myself at the office. The agent was there, busily going through a hundred and twenty letters, nearly all of which were couched in piteous terms. Some of the writers actually said that they were in need of food, and others said that unless they secured an engagement soon, they must sell their jewellery or clothing, in order to obtain money for necessaries.

"Poor things," I exclaimed, involuntarily, as I read letter after letter.

"Ah," replied the agent, "times are better now than they were in my day, I can tell you. When I was one of the chorus of a celebrated opera company, thirty years ago, actors and actresses hadn't the chances that they have now, though I admit the profession is terribly overcrowded in all branches nowadays."

About eleven o'clock callers began to arrive. I occupied the agent's chair, and, following his previously-given instructions, I asked such questions of the callers as these:

"Your age? Your stage name? Your speciality? Your height? Your past record? Your terms? Your willingness to go on a tour abroad?"

I COLLECT EIGHTEEN PLAYERS.

Men and women, tall and short, thin and stout, dark and fair, pretty and plain, came in, and asked for vacancies throughout the day. In each case I filled in the form provided, and, in each case, they signed at the foot of a formal agreement which bound them to hand back to me—the agent—ten per cent. of the salary obtained through my endeavours on their behalf. Some of them were foot weary through walking from agent to agent, and waiting their turn, and then meeting with discouragement.

So I spent my time for two days. On the third day I was—or rather, the real agent was—very lucky. A great manager wired him asking him to supply a full company for a new play, entitled "The Milkmaid and the Mouse," or something like it. Rehearsals were to begin in a week, and he wanted either Miss Lottie Pundatum, or Miss Chrissie Nobbletone as leading lady, and Mr. Fobble Baubington (whom he knew to be disengaged) as first man.

I immediately telegraphed to the two ladies, and to Mr. Baubington, begging them to call at my office on urgent business, and I looked up my filed forms of applications. From these I selected twenty-six—eighteen ladies, and eight men—and to them I also telegraphed. Later on the same day Miss Chrissie Nobbletone and seventeen of the others called, and were sent to interview the manager. Miss Chrissie returned to us, just as I thought of finishing for the day, and she said a great many most offensive things to me and my colleague. Among them she said: "I want a *fat* part; I don't want a bite at a cherry, like the job you've sent me after to-day. As for the manager, well, he's a jackass, if he thinks he can get me for a dirty £15 a week. What does he think I feed my horses on—sawdust?"

LOTTIE FINALLY AGREES.

Next day Miss Lottie Pundatum gave us a great deal of bother. But finally, after I had seen the manager myself, and had had three interviews with the young lady, terms were arranged.

With the men folk, Mr. Fobble Baubington included, we had not a quarter of the worry and fuss that we had with the ladies, who, in many cases, do not seem to know what they themselves want.

On the day that I left Craven Street for good, I had the satisfaction of knowing that I had materially assisted in the getting together of a really clever company of gentlemen and ladies, who will, in due course, draw the public to witness "The Milkmaid and the Mouse." But I shall never in the whole course of my life forget the anguish of mind that I had in calming the dear ladies, who imagined themselves wronged and insulted by the terms suggested by me on behalf of the manager.

During rehearsal time, which may last for a month, some of the managers pay no salary at all. Others, of whom Mr. Charles Wyndham is one, pay half the full salary. Actors and actresses who are not "flush," and who are without any paying engagement while rehearsing a new piece, are able to borrow money without difficulty on the strength of their forthcoming *rôle*.

The Editor, while glad to find that I had been able to get to work as a theatrical agent, was not overwhelmingly affable over the fact that it took me a week to do it. But there is no way yet discovered of pleasing everybody.

"JACK is a good fellow, but I will not lie for any man. I love my friend, but I love the truth still more."

"My dear," said a bystander, "consider now! Why should you prefer a stranger to an old acquaintance?"

SUITOR: "Your sister and I were just talking business out here on the verandah."

Her Little Brother: "Oh, no, you weren't. When a fellow begins to talk business sister always takes him into the conservatory."

ETIQUETTE FOR DOMESTIC SERVANTS.

By a Mistress whose Girls only Leave her in Order to get Married.

I AM only venturing to put down the following remarks on the distinct understanding that one of my three servants shall, at a later date, give me her own ideas on Etiquette for Mistresses, and that these ideas of hers shall be presented to the many readers of *P.W.* with just the same prominence that is meted out to what is written by myself. That course is the only fair one, and if I state it here, there can be no chance of any misapprehension or disappointment on the part of those who quite properly are averse to one side receiving different treatment from the other side.

When a girl makes up her mind to earn her living by going out into the world as a domestic servant, she should at the outset be prepared to work! Now that sentence may seem superfluous. The reader exclaims: "Of course, the girl must be prepared to work; that is what she receives her wages and board and lodging for." To which I reply "precisely"; yet how many girls go to a situation, and, on finding that work of quite an ordinary character is expected of them, day by day, begin to grumble and to shirk? The sweeping, and the dusting and the carrying have to be done, and done daily, but many girls neglect to do it. They begin well enough, perhaps, but bit by bit they try and get through the day with less and less effort. The sweeping is scamped, and the dusting and carrying are also scamped.

Now the mistress, not being a fool, must notice the slackness, or dishonesty, as it deserves to be styled. She naturally says that such a state of things cannot be permitted. If the wages are to be paid in full, the work must be done in full; that is, of course, providing it is not more than can reasonably be looked for as the toil of one individual. Thereupon the mistress, having weighed things in her mind, says to the maid: "You must do your work more thoroughly, Jane, or I am afraid I cannot retain you in my service." Such a reprimand, mild as it unquestionably is, is resented! Yes, it is, according to some girls, unwarrantable caprice, or unnecessary interference, on the part of the mistress. Did ever anybody hear so base and untrue a suggestion?

The correct attitude for the servant who is spoken to is plain as day. She should, on the ill-swept carpet being pointed out to her, at once admit the truth of it, if truth there be. She should not only admit the truth; she should, on the spot, express her regret for not doing what she engaged to do. If she has been feeling unwell, or has had any unusual trouble on her mind, she should say so, and the mistress would then have less cause for wrath in the face of so sound a reason for lack of industry. The maid should follow up her admissions by making a sincere promise to amend her ways, remembering that it is she, and not her mistress, who is the aggrieved party.

Again, if the girl goes to a new mistress, giving references as to out-and-out respectability, the mistress has an absolute right to be highly indignant should she discover that as time passes the girl falls into the habit of not speaking the truth or practising petty deceits. Indeed, the mistress has a legal remedy that is far more drastic in effect than the most severely expressed indignation; she may, if she chooses, dispense with the servant's services, immediately and without the usual notice, on discovering that lying and deceit are taking the place of the straightforward speech and actions that were taken as guaranteed by the submitted testimonials at the time the engagement was entered into. The mistress' position in the matter is just what your own would be on finding out that the dressmaker, who undertook to make your new dress of a certain specified material, knowingly substituted an inferior quality, thereby hoping to hookwink you, and add to her own profit thereby.

Why cannot girls bring themselves to realise that it is the employer's right to direct and rule? And that added to that right there ought to be a gracious willingness to obey on the part of the servant when once the bargain is struck. If the girl agrees to return at ten o'clock, or half-past ten, on her night out, she should keep to her bargain. When unavoidable circumstances, or purely accidental events, prevent punctuality, the girl has some excuse for answering an upbraiding from the mistress, but under no other conditions should she display temper when reprimanded for lateness. Some girls make a practice of being late to return, and show surprise mingled with scorn when the mistress says what she is more than justified in saying.

There are girls whose peculiar sense of pride will render them liable to the most futile and absurd positions. For instance, when a mistress sees with her own eyes an occurrence, how idle, and how wrong for the girl to deny it while herself aware that the mistress is only speaking the truth! How foolish it is to be idle and faulty when conscious that the wages paid were only agreed upon because it was proved or promised that you would be industrious and exemplary. How hollow and unbusinesslike it is to undertake the duties of a servant, and then to become rude and domineering, because the mistress does not happen to share your views, when to do so would be all against the authority that it was arranged she should maintain!

Another thrilling instalment of "Link by Link" appears in this week's SHORT STORIES.

FETTERED LIVES.

A Story of the Prison and the Stage.

By HENRY FARMER.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

"Good-bye, only for the Present. Don't neither on yer Worrit yerselves about me!"

A GREAT crowd thronged the narrow street outside the Old Bailey. Hushed whispers of excitement filled the air. Within, one of the courts was crowded to overflowing—the one in which, over four years back, Rex Stanley had been sentenced to death, in which the Smasher had heard unmoved his sentence of fourteen years.

Men and women of fashion had fought their way into the court that morning. They never seemed to tire of scanning the two figures in the dock, the two men who had caused such woe to Sir Reginald Stanley—Garside, looking a wretched, broken, old man, his leaden eyes cast down, seemingly in a stupor. It was hard to believe this was the daring actor-cracksman impeached in a brilliant speech by the counsel for the prosecution. But it was on the other figure that most eyes were riveted—Austyn Selincourt. He was perfectly dressed, and wore his clothes with the old easy, aristocratic air. The expression on the languid, calm face was that rather of a bored spectator than a criminal in the dock. There was a big audience to act to, and he was acting as he had never acted before.

With breathless fascination those in court had followed the sensational evidence. There had been a long string of witnesses; but the greatest interest had been centred upon Tomlinson, who, with Marie Manette, had already been disposed of, but whose sentences had been postponed; upon Detective-Inspector Crump; upon Sir Reginald Stanley—he had been cheered upon entering the witness-box; and upon Cully Scott, alias the Smasher. Him, too, in spite of the usher's shouting "Silence," and the judge threatening to clear the court, they had cheered, and perhaps the loudest voices had been those of Mr. and Mrs. Tod Slinger, packed away tightly as sardines in the gallery. Stanley had kept his word. The story of the Smasher's devotion and self-sacrifice had reached the public through the Press, though the whole story was not yet known even to Stanley. When, with gaolers on either side of him, the Smasher, rugged, ugly, and grim, wearing the felon's dress, entered the box, Selincourt ceased to be the central figure of attraction. All eyes were fastened on the man in whom those present saw the real hero of the remarkable story being unfolded. Something of the man's intensity, and savagery also, had been revealed when once, utterly carried away, he leant over the edge of the box, his lower jaw protruding, his needle eyes flashing, and, shaking his clenched fist at the prisoners in the dock, rasped out:

"Gawd! Yer dirty dorge! If I could only git at yer!"

But it was all over now. The clerk of the court had asked the prisoners if they wished to say anything why sentence should not be passed upon them. Garside, never lifting his eyes from the ground, shook his head.

"No!" answered Selincourt then, having run his hand through his curling, tawny hair, folded his arms again, a slight, rather fixed smile on his handsome face.

A rustle throughout the court, then an intense silence. The judge looked up from his papers, and fastened his eyes on Harley Garside.

"Harley Garside," he said, in a low voice, "of the two crimes of which you are guilty, the one, burglary with violence, sinks almost into insignificance compared with your horrible, dastardly attempt at murder, a crime that not only resulted in terrible injuries to your victim, but also in the death of an innocent man, bringing misery and anguish to his broken-hearted relatives. You have misused the intellect and talents that God endowed you with. The misery you have caused is irrevocable. The moral guilt of murder is on your soul. I sentence you to penal servitude for life!"

Garside never stirred; his eyes still cast upon the ground. The gaoler beside him gripped his arm, and led him down out of sight.

The faint, fixed smile was still on Selincourt's features. Every eye was riveted upon him now. He knew it.

"Austyn Selincourt," the judge's voice rang out sternly, "you have deliberately robbed those who counted you as a personal friend; you have twice, with a cowardice and cruelty absolutely inhuman, attempted the life of a man, the proof of whose innocence you deliberately suppressed. Many a man has died on the scaffold with far less guilt upon his soul than there is upon yours. I feel that the utmost penalty that the law allows me to impose is inadequate. I sentence you to penal servitude for life."

Selincourt, with his old easy, languid grace, bowed slightly to the judge, then, without moving, cast a comprehensive glance round the court as though he wished everybody present to see the fixed smile of indifference on his handsome face.

It was the last time he would have an audience to play to.

The gaoler tapped his arm.

A storm of "Boos!" and hisses went up.

It was a scene, so the papers said, unparalleled in the annals of the Old Bailey.

The dock was empty.

Some hurried out of the court; others waited, wishing to learn the fate of Tomlinson and Marie Manette. Marie looked very piquante and natty as she stepped up into the dock; Tomlinson, more worm-like than ever.

The sentence upon Marie Manette was two years' imprisonment.

"*Merci, monsieur!*" she exclaimed, and then, as she was being removed, she placed her thumb to her nose, and extended her fingers at the judge.

"Tomlinson," said the judge, "the fact that you have given most important evidence, have largely assisted in the revelation of the truth"—a sickly smile of hope crossed Tomlinson's livid face—"will not influence me in the slightest in the matter of your sentence. You deliberately suppressed certain facts in a most cowardly fashion, only revealing them when you hoped to save yourself. You will go to prison for seven years."

With a scream like a woman's, Tomlinson fainted, and was carried out of the dock.

* * * * *

"Is it all over, Rex?"

"Yes, beloved!"

Stanley had driven from the court to the hotel where Lady Stanley was awaiting him. A second very quiet wedding that fulfilled the requirements of the law, had been solemnised shortly after Esmée's—it is time we learnt to call her Amy now—recovery to health.

"The cab," said Stanley, when he had told her of the trial, "is waiting for us. Amy, Amy, I dread what is before us!"

His voice was hoarse with emotion.

"Rex," she whispered, "it is too cruel! Can nothing be done?"

"We can only hope. The papers are working for us. Men and women are flocking to sign the petition. That splendid little fellow Crump—he was simply magnificent in the witness-box; he went out of his way to speak up for Scott—is doing all he knows. We can only hope!"

They drove together to Newgate, where the Smasher was detained. They were about to bid him good-bye. On the morrow he was returning to Bleakmoor. In spite of every effort on the part of Stanley to obtain permission for himself and his wife to see him, it had been witheld from him till after the trial in which both had figured at witnesses.

Together the man and woman who owed their happiness to the Smasher, passed through the grim, iron-clamped, spiked gate into Newgate. The governor himself escorted them to one of those glass rooms where prisoners are allowed to converse with their solicitors, being visible, but not audible. It was an unusual privilege, this. The prisoner, as a rule, sees his ordinary visitor through a cage-like grating of bars and wire.

The stone flags outside resounded with the tramp of feet.

The Smasher, in his felon's dress, his ugly face aglow, his ferrety eyes all eager, breathing a little heavily, was coming along between two warders. He passed into the glass room. The warders closed the door, and stood outside.

The Smasher stretched out his hands.

"My young toff!" he said huskily, with a twisting and a twitching of the bull-dog mouth, "Sweet'eart!"

Neither Rex nor Amy could speak. They could only wring his hands.

"Forgive us," he went on, "but that's 'ow I thinks of yer—shall think of yer! It's all over now! All's come right, ain't it? You've got your two selves to yerselves—you're man and wife, you are—'until death do us part'—and your lives are jest a-goin' to begin. What's gone before 'ull soon be forgot. I can't tell yer what I feels, but I do, with my 'at off and my 'ead bowed, thank Gawd for this 'ere moment, the blessedest, joyfullest moment I've ever knowd! And I don't want neither on yer worrit about me. I knows I shan't be forgot—that there's a place fur me in yer 'earts. Bless yer 'earts! quod ain't nothink to me. What's ten year? When I come out, as, Gawd willin', I 'ope to, I shall take the liberty o' comin' to see yer. I shall find yer, Gawd willin', young as you are now, 'appy as yer are now, with a lot o' little 'uns, Gawd willin', playin' round yer, and takin' arter their father and mother!"

The husky voice was trembling now, the small eyes were dim; but it was from sheer gladness!

Amy was crying. She could not help it. Rex, for the life of him, could find no words. There was nothing unmanly in the tears that trickled down his cheeks.

"Sir Reginald," whispered the Smasher, after a pause, "the screws outside can't 'ear; I'm a-goin' to ask yer to do me two favours. Loppy—you remembers Lopsided Joe—'as gone to quod all along o' my fault—five year—when 'e comes out, maybe yer won't forgit 'im!"

Stanley wrung his hand.

"There's others; Tod Slinger—you remember Slinger—and his missus, they was very good to me afore I found Paul Ruddock, and the cops wanted me bad. But for them I should 'ave been took afore I give myself up."

"Their address?" choked Stanley.

The Smasher whispered it; then glanced at Amy.

"Yer ladyship, now—now—now! Yer mustn't take on so! Ten year ain't nothink to a 'ardened old cove like me. Why, if there wasn't no partin's there'd be no meetin's!"

"Scott," said Stanley, "we are moving heaven and earth to get a remission for you. We know how much we owe you, old friend. I can't say more—I can't say more!"

"Gawd bless yer! Yer needn't tell me that. As if I didn't know!"

One of the warders rapped on the glass door. Time was nearly up.

The Smasher's mouth started to twitch and twist again.

"Good-bye, only for the present! Don't neither on yer worrit yerselves about me!"

He bent down over Amy's hand and reverently raised it to his lips.

"God bless you, Scott," she sobbed, and then, as he raised his head, she printed a kiss on the slanting, furrowed forehead.

The Smasher's ugly face flushed bright with pride. He held both their hands in his own, and wrung them in silence.

The warder opened the door.

The Smasher's eyes rested first on Amy's face, then on Stanley's, as though he were printing on his brain a lasting impression of "sweet'eart" and "his young toff."

The parting was silent. A final pressure of hands; then the Smasher relaxed his grip and passed out, his great shoulders hunched up, his bullet head bent forward.

Stanley took Amy in his arms. With a convulsive sob, she buried her face in his shoulder.

The tramp of footsteps on stone flags.

The slamming-to of a door.

Then silence!

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

The End in Sight.

AND now, my dear readers, we must drop the curtain, and when it rises again on the last scenes of the last act, six years have elapsed.

Just a little more that is painful and unpleasant must be told, then—well, we shall see!

Prison life had killed Harley Garside. Broken in body and spirit, the death that he had sought came to him nine months after the passing of sentence. Austyn Selincourt did not survive him long. One early morning, a warder, entering his cell, found him hanging from the bars of the window. He would have preferred to have shot himself; but even death by hanging was preferable to prison life.

Zoe Delisle? One night, Rex and Amy were driving along Piccadilly. Rex, glancing out at a disturbance on the pavement, caught a glimpse of a drunken, painted woman being hustled along by policemen. He recognised Zoe Delisle. A man also kept her company. Rex did not recognise him; but it was Griggs! On their offence, on their infamy, let us draw the veil!

Six years have only served to deepen and broaden the love between Sir Reginald Stanley and his beautiful, womanly wife; but a shadow is still on their happiness. "The little 'uns" that the Smasher ventured to anticipate have arrived, a little Rex and a tiny Amy. The little Rex's full name is Reginald Scott Stanley. His father has not been ashamed to name him after Cully Scott, alias the Smasher. When the little Rex is old enough to understand, he will be told why he bears that name. The Smasher knows of this. Rex and his wife have paid several visits to Bleakmoor. They have never missed an opportunity of seeing Scott. They spend a great portion of the year in the country at Dunnavon Chase. The house in London where the crime was committed has been sold. Sam Blobbs and Miss Rosina Banting are always welcome guests. Gladys Mellor has temporarily left the stage, and is being educated at a good school. This is Amy's doing. Nor have Tod Slinger and his "missus" and Toddles been forgotten. Tod no longer goes out with the coffee-stall and the patient pony; he is proprietor of a commodious coffee-shop. When in London, Rex and Amy make a point of visiting them. Sir Reginald and Lady Stanley, let it be said, are immensely popular, but are spoken of by society folk as being eccentric—their eccentricity consists in not being ashamed of, or forgetting, those who helped them, directly or indirectly, in their days of darkness.

And what of Crump?

Crump has retired, covered with honour, carrying with him the love and respect of his colleagues. The papers were very full of his retirement at the time—the many testimonials presented to him, the autograph letter he received from the Home Secretary. At that time Stanley wrote to him, telling him of a charming cottage, with a garden and an orchard, that was to let at a nominal rent on his own estate. Crump lives within sight of Dunnavon Chase now. Katie and Freddie—they are almost grown-up—often visit him. The children in the village love him; he spoils them. Little Rex and little Amy love him also. Stanley has not forgotten the man who was merciful on that black day at Wokehampton. When one sees the homely little man watering his geraniums or squirting his rose-bushes with some microbe-killing solution, it is hard to believe that he is Crump, the one-time terror of the criminal fraternity.

Sometimes, of an evening, along the towpath of the river that flows not far from the Chase, Crump may be seen walking with a hulking man, one shoulder slanting up, the other down, whose face is stolid and expressionless, and whose eyes seemed fixed on some invisible spot before him. It is our old acquaintance, Lopsided Joe, otherwise Joe Hutt. Stanley had not forgotten him. He had met him on his discharge from prison, and told him that there was a two-roomed cottage and plenty of work to be done on the Dunnavon estate, if he cared to come.

"I don't mind if I does!" Lopsided Joe answered, and went.

Had it rested with the public, the Smasher would have long ago been a free man. The papers had clamoured for his release. Mighty petitions had been sent to those in authority. Stanley had worked, and is still working; those in authority are at last considering whether a portion of his sentence may not be remitted. From the cold, official point of view, it had been argued that while he had behaved most admirably in the matter of the Dunnavon murder, and but for him the truth might never have been known; yet, on the other hand, he had been guilty of the violent burglary for which he had been sentenced, and had also, during his short spell of freedom, been guilty of a second burglary.

* * * * *

"Amy!"—it is a great, wild shout—"Amy!"

A great, wild shout of joy that brings Lady Stanley hurriedly out into the hall. She sees her husband's radiant, flushed face, and knows!

"At last!" he cries, flourishing madly the telegram in his hand. "At last!"

CHAPTER LXXXV.

At Last!

THE prisoner sentenced in London is formally discharged in London.

The usual crowd—relatives, friends, undesirables, a

FIVE SHILLINGS A DAY FOR LIFE! A huge prize for a simple task. Particulars later.

clergyman or two, a Salvation Army man—clusters round the prison gates.

So bright is the morning sun that it robs the grey building of some of its grimness.

Sir Reginald Stanley is one among the crowd. Not far away is a four-wheeled cab. Lady Stanley is within. A great light, the light of happiness, dances in her beautiful, dark eyes.

A small gate swings open. They are coming out, some indifferently and slowly, others quickly and shamefacedly.

Stanley's face is set, his eyes eager.

He comes at last, Cully Scott, alias the Smasher! The spiky hair has turned grey; the broad shoulders are hunched up a little more; but the great iron frame wears the old look of enormous strength. The lines and furrows on the strong, bulldog face have deepened; but the gimlet eyes have lost none of their keenness.

Stanley springs towards him. Their hands grip.

"At last!" he whispers shakily. "At last!"

"Gawd bless yer!"

Stanley takes his arm, and leads him to the cab. The Smasher's eyes dim as he sees who is within.

When they are in the cab, Lady Stanley takes one of his huge, misshapen hands within her own. For a while no one speaks. Hearts are too full. The Smasher's eyes just wander from one face to the other. His trials are over now. He has reached the haven at last! It is he who breaks the silence.

"Gawd!" he whispers huskily, "I thanks Yer for this 'ere moment!"

Then the small, dimmed eyes glance from Rex to Amy, from Amy to Rex.

Stanley speaks next.

"Scott, we're going to take you back with us into the country, to Dunnavon Chase, if you'll come with us."

"Will I come?" he whispers. "Won't I!"

"There is," went on Stanley, "a fairly comfortable lodge at the gates, old friend. I don't know whether we've done right, but as soon as we knew, my wife set about getting the place ready for you. All you've to do is to come along and take possession."

The Smasher looks like breaking down now. He coughs huskily.

"You'll have friends near you. Joe Hutt is working on the estate, and Crump—I know you count him a friend now—lives hard by. We want you to be close to us."

Amy silently presses the hand between her own.

A tear rolls down the Smasher's wrinkled cheek.

"Sir Reginald and yer ladyship," he whispers, "I sees afore me a blesseder, 'appier time than I ever dare dream of. Mind yer, I ain't been un'appy! Time's gone wonderful quick, and I'd allus the satisfaction of knowin' all 'ad come right! But I sees now a 'appiness a-comin' what I don't deserve—I sees a quiet a'ead o' me, when I shall be allus near yer—near you and your'n! If Gawd 'isself was to ask me what I wanted, I wouldn't ask no more nor this!"

* * * * *

A punt is drifting lazily down stream.

A woman, beautiful with a womanly beauty, leans back among the cushions. She is listening to the whispering of the bronzed, good-looking man who steers the punt with a trailing pole. At their feet are a little boy and a girl.

The woman glances up at the man, and touches a heart-shaped pendant that she wears. Then her hand steals into his.

It is a picture of perfect love and perfect happiness!

The punt drifts round a bend, and is gone!

But the laughter of children's voices rings out, and reaches the ears of a man who comes along the tow-path—a gamekeeper with a gun under his arm.

The dying sunlight falls upon the Smasher's rugged, bull-dog face. It is almost beautiful as he smiles softly to himself and nods his head.

"My young toff, sweet'eart, and the little ones," he mutters, "Gawd bless 'em!"

Perfect happiness has come to him now.

He passes round the bend, and is gone!

THE END.

When Having Your Hair Cut.

IT is the little things of this life which have the greatest effect; little worries kill more people than big ones do, and small troubles irritate us beyond endurance, whereas great ones nerve us to meet them. It was a little thing that made a reader of *P.W.* go nearly mad with neuralgia, and it is his experience that makes us say: "Be careful when you have your hair cut!"

This reader had attacks of neuralgia, for which he could obtain no palliative. He had three teeth extracted and others stopped, but still the pains in the face continued and intensified. At last he consulted a medical man who had had a similar case to deal with about two years previously. The doctor carefully examined both ears, and in the left auricular appendage he found a tiny piece of hair, about three-eighths of an inch long, pressing on the drum. He extracted it, and saw that it was just such a piece as would be cut off when the hair of the head was being trimmed. After the extraction of the hair, the pains became less intense, and finally ceased.

A piece of hair such as that might easily be driven into the earhole by a wave of the brush or a twirl of the comb or scissors.

MONEY IN WRITING MENUS.

How an Englishman Prepares Parisian Bills of Fare.

HAND-WRITTEN menu cards are a fad with the diners at some of the best and most-frequented restaurants in Paris, and proprietors anxious to humour their patrons' every whim are eagerness itself to gratify them in this particular. And so an English scribe is called in. Handwriting with him is an art. He can write the finest copper-plate with even greater ease and swiftness than most people can scrawl. At decorative as well as scroll work, and pen and ink sketching, he is just as skilful and artistic.

Every day at a stated time he calls at certain restaurants to execute any orders they may have for him. As soon as he arrives he receives a number of slips of paper on which the *chef* had written out the menus for the day. On each slip is marked the number of copies required. Then and there in the office of the establishment the scribe sits down and does his work, and when his task is concluded makes his way to another restaurant where he repeats the process.

When a larger number of menus are required than usual he receives notice, and arranges to do a portion of the work at home. Especially is this the case when his employers desire him to produce any highly decorative work. On such occasions he makes it a rule to submit a number of designs beforehand from which the restaurateur may make his choice. As a rule such menus are ordered by twos, threes, or fours, as the parties for which they are intended are almost invariably as small as they are exclusive and select.

As he has a practical monopoly of all the best work he is able to make his own terms with his employers. For ordinary menu-writing he rarely receives less than half a franc (fivepence) a card. For more decorative work, of course, his charges are proportionally higher, and when he is called upon to do work for private houses he adds twenty-five per cent to his bill. It is not one of his busy days when he earns less than fifty francs (two pounds) for four hours' work. As a rule, he can depend on an average of fifteen pounds a week all the year round.

Somewhat similar in idea, although not requiring any skill at all in caligraphy, is the work done by a young English-speaking lady in the French capital. She translates into English the menus of some of the cheaper restaurants frequented by British and American tourists.

At this work she earns more than £5 a week.

The Greatest of all Tonics.

ASTRIC CATARRH. NERVOUS DEBILITY. STRENGTH REGAINED.

Mr. WILLIAM SQUIRES, 10 Mill Street, Warwick, writes: "I have found Phosferine beneficial on several occasions. The first time I had been suffering from Gastric Catarrh, which left me with nervous debility. I started taking Phosferine and soon began to regain my strength, and my nerves were improved directly. I have taken it several times for nervousness, and have always derived benefit from it."—Feb. 10th, 1902.

Phosferine is an unfailing remedy for Neuralgia, Nervous Dyspepsia, Anæmia, Brain-fag, Depression, Impoverished Blood, Rheumatism, Sleeplessness, Indigestion, Influenza, Nervous Headaches, Debility, and all disorders consequent upon a reduced state of the Nervous System.

Phosferine has been supplied by

ROYAL COMMANDS

TO THE ROYAL FAMILY.

H.M. the Empress of Russia. | H.I.H. the Dowager Empress of Russia.
H.M. the King of Greece. | H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Roumania,
H.M. the Queen of Roumania. | and many other Royal personages.

Proprietors, ASHTON and PARSONS (Limited), 17 Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. Post free, 1s. 3d., 3s., and 4s. 9d. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, &c. The 2s. 9d. size contains nearly four times the 1s. 1½d. size.

Sulpholine Lotion.

For Clearing the Skin from Spots, Blemishes, Redness, Roughness, giving a Beautiful Complexion and pleasing appearance.

SHILLING BOTTLES.

WHICH WILL YOU HAVE?

We give you either the best 10/6 lady's or gent's umbrella in the world, or a pair of 10/6 lady's or gent's boots or shoes, any style from a delicate boot for best wear or the heaviest walking boot. FREE

YOU simply buy one of our West End Suits, now famous the wide world over, at 27/6, or higher price to measure, in all the new spring shades in Tweeds, Serges, Cashmeres. All guaranteed West End Cut, Fit, and Style, and we give you either of the above handsome presents.

WHICH UMBRELLA WOULD YOU LIKE
Quote number.

These free gift umbrellas have real horn or ivory handles on natural sticks, with 18ct. gold plate or sterling silver mounts, whilst the free gift boots and shoes are equal in every respect to any 10/6 boot or shoe in London.

DISTANCE NO OBJECT.

NOW OR NOT AT ALL.

April 26th the Last Day—April 28th is Too Late.

Measure Yourself.—Our patterns and charts are post free, and the patterns need not be returned. Should any of our customers be dissatisfied with their goods (an unlikely contingency), we guarantee to refund the money provided they are returned within seven days.

W. THOMPSON BROS., Tailors, Ltd.,
3 Oxford Street, London, W., and at 30 Aldersgate Street, E.C.

ISOBEL will be glad to answer questions of general interest upon household matters so far as space permits. A pretty pencil-case will be given to each reader whose inquiry is dealt with on this page. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES PAGE.

For Scouring Jars used in cookery, that are stained by baking, use hearthstone slightly moistened with cold water.

To Make a Boiled Fowl Look White wrap it in a floured cloth and let it simmer very gently from an hour to an hour and a half in boiling water.

When Boiling Dried Peas and Beans sugar, with a little saltless fat, has a very softening effect, especially in the early stage of the process.

The Stains of Iron Rust on Stone may be partially removed by washing the stone with hydrochloric acid diluted with four parts of water, then washing with clean water. In the case of marble, use oxalic acid in solution of water.

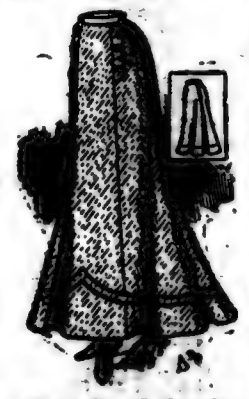
Banana Fritters will probably suit your purpose. Peel the fruit and cut in two lengthwise; set in a dish with caster sugar, dredge and squeeze over the juice of a lemon and let them lie some time. Dip into a nice frying batter and cook in deep fat to a light yellow colour. Serve piled on a napkin, strewn plentifully with caster sugar. (*Reply to* F. D.)

Sweet Potato Balls. Mash and pass through a sieve, three or four large, mealy potatoes. Mix with them a beaten egg and its weight in caster sugar, flavour with nutmeg and grated lemon-rind. Make into balls, dip into beaten egg and breadcrumbs, and fry in deep fat till a golden colour. Serve very hot.

Fillets of Fish, Jewish Fashion. Lay the fillets in slightly salted water for fifteen minutes, drain, let lie in the folds of a clean dry cloth, and lightly dredge with flour. Bring the frying oil to the boil in a frying-pan, dip the fillets into beaten egg, and plunge each separately into the boiling oil and cook. Drain thoroughly on kitchen paper, and serve. (*Reply to* B. V. R.)

Spring Medicine made as follows will, I hope, suit your purpose: Half a pound of Epsom salts, two ounces of cream of tartar, two lemons, and two tablespoonfuls of white sugar. Mix the sulphur to a smooth paste with a little cold water. Slice one lemon and squeeze the juice of the other and set all the ingredients in a large jug. Over them pour three quarts of boiling water, stir well several times a day, and let stand twenty-four hours. Strain through muslin, and it is ready for use. About a wineglassful should be taken in the morning before breakfast. More sugar may be added if liked. (*Reply to* MURDOCK MCK.)

Does the Average Man Appreciate a Well-dressed Woman? Have you ever asked yourself this question? I have, and as I cannot come to any definite conclusion upon the matter, it struck me that it would be a very good idea to put this subject before my readers to hear what they think about it. In HOME NOTES this week you will see in "Our Open Letters" an interesting discussion on this query. But more solid information is by no means neglected. Some invaluable hints on "Science and Health," dealing with flying rheumatism and uneven shoulders; directions for washing shirts and blouses; and an interesting and well-illustrated article on the making of reticules, etc., etc., will be found therein. With this issue will be given away a paper pattern of a lady's cycling skirt, which will be most appropriate now that the cycling season has begun.



If Any Reader of this page would like to know of a thoroughly reliable cure for headache, earache, or toothache, I will be glad to forward particulars as to where to obtain it if a stamped addressed envelope is sent to me.

Russian Toffee. Boil for a quarter of an hour the contents of a tin of Swiss milk with two pounds of coarse brown sugar, and one teaspoonful of essence of vanilla, with a piece of butter the size of an egg. When done this should be of the consistency of caramel. (*Reply to* NELLIE.)

Before Using New Copper Utensils boil them out thoroughly in soapy water, in which there are both soda and tea leaves. Then rinse and rub thoroughly with a freshly cut lemon. Each time before using coppers look at the vessel carefully, and whenever possible rub over with fresh lemon before rinsing out. (*Reply to* DALES.)

Hominy should always soak in tepid water on the stove for nine to twelve hours before cooking. After once it has soaked thoroughly, boil it with salt and serve as a vegetable. Dainty fritters can be made of it afterwards by cutting it into slices and frying in egg and breadcrumb. Serve with preserve. After soaking the hominy, drain it and make into puddings as you would rice or tapioca. Always cook it slowly even after the soaking. (*Reply to* E. F. S.)

Hygienic Washing. The recipe you used before is evidently as follows, and a surprising quantity of dirt will come from the cleanest skin if a teaspoonful of the fluid is added to each basin of water: Put four ounces of sea salt, a tablespoonful of camphor, ditto ammonia, into a quart bottle, fill up the bottle with hot water, and let it stand twenty-four hours before using. The daily use of this solution greatly improves the skin. (*Reply to* A. P. W.)

Various Uses for Lemon Juice. A dash of lemon juice in cold water is an excellent toothwash which helps to dissolve the tartar and sweetens the breath. Lemon juice and salt mixed thoroughly, set on ironmould stains on linen, will remove them without injury to the fabric. A cup of black coffee with a teaspoonful of lemon juice will often relieve a bilious headache. The juice of a lemon, taken in hot water on waking, is an excellent dose for bilious folk. (*Thanks to* COHEN.)

A Citron Cake is very popular. Beat together three ounces of caster sugar and three ounces of butter, add the yolks of two eggs, and beat all for ten minutes. Stir in some vanilla essence and seven ounces of pastry flour, in which some baking-powder is mixed, also two ounces of citron, chopped finely. Pour into a buttered cake tin, set some slices of citron on the top, and bake in a moderate oven for three-quarters of an hour, or, when tested with a bright knife blade, the cake proves cooked.

The Old Landscape in Oils should be cleaned by rubbing with a cut raw potato; as the surface of the potato gets dirty cut it off. If the potato gets dry just moisten it with cold water. As you go on the lather should be wiped off with a very clean, very soft wet sponge. When you have rubbed sufficiently the surface of the painting should be washed with clean chilled water and then rubbed gently with medicated cotton wool, which will remove all dirt. Finally polish by gentle rubbing with a silk handkerchief. (*Reply to* TEASDALE.)

Good Teacakes. Set two pounds of flour into a bowl with a pinch of salt, and rub in a quarter of a pound of lard or butter. Take a piece of yeast the size of a walnut, dissolve it in a little brown sugar, and then add to it some tepid milk and water, add a beaten egg, and set in an hole in the centre of the flour. Work the rest of the flour to a smooth paste, knead it, and set to rise near the fire. When risen, make into flat round cakes, and when risen again, bake on greased tins in a steady oven. If desired, add currants or sultanas after rubbing in the butter. Split, butter, and eat hot when baked to a good golden brown.

A Rabbit Brawn is a good dish. Divide a rabbit into joints and boil it gently in water, with some carrots, an onion and a turnip till the bones can be slipped out of the meat. Cut a quarter of a pound or more of boiled bacon in dice, and add it to the rabbit cut into small pieces. Wet a plain, round mould and decorate it with slices of hard-boiled egg, a few slices of tongue or ham stamped out in fancy shapes. Fill it with the rabbit and bacon, season all with pepper, salt, a very little allspice and good sprinkling of chopped parsley. Take the rabbit stock and strain it carefully, also clear it and dissolve in it sufficient gelatine to make it stiff. Pour this while hot over the rabbit, etc., set a saucer over and a weight on it. When cold turn out and garnish with parsley.

Isobel

HOLIDAYS FOR 1902.		1902. MARCH.	APRIL.	MAY.	JUNE.	JULY.	AUGUST.
Good Friday	March 28.	S 2 9 16 23 30	S 6 13 20 27	S 4 11 18 25	S 1 8 15 22 29	S 6 13 20 27	S 3 10 17 24 31
Easter Monday	March 31.	M 3 10 17 24 31	M 7 14 21 28	M 5 12 19 26	M 2 9 16 23 30	M 7 14 21 28	M 4 11 18 25
Whitsun Monday	May 19.	T 4 11 18 25	T 1 8 15 22 29	T 6 13 20 27	T 3 10 17 24	T 1 8 15 22 29	T 5 12 19 26
Coronation Day	June 26.	W 5 12 19 26	W 2 9 16 23 30	W 7 14 21 28	W 4 11 18 25	W 2 9 16 23 30	W 6 13 20 27
Bank Holiday	August 4.	T 6 13 20 27	T 3 10 17 24	T 1 8 15 22 29	T 5 12 19 26	T 3 10 17 24 31	T 7 14 21 28
Christmas Day	December 25.	F 7 14 21 28	F 4 11 18 25	F 2 9 16 23 30	F 6 13 20 27	F 4 11 18 25	F 1 8 15 22 29
Boxing Day	December 26.	S 1 8 15 22 29	S 5 12 19 26	S 3 10 17 24 31	S 7 14 21 28	S 5 12 19 26	S 2 9 16 23 30

LOVE PROBLEMS.

A charming little pencil-case will be given to every reader who suggests a Love Problem that is answered in this column. Address your problems to me on post-cards only.

No. 19.—A falls in love with B, goes abroad for eight years, and corresponds with her. When he returns he proposes, and is refused. He then meets C, and thinks of asking her to be his wife. When B hears this she hints that she would marry him. How should A act?

If A has remained constant to B for eight years, and on his return comes up proposing, he must be very much in love with her. She, on the other hand, in refusing him after such a prolonged period of devotion, must be rather an ungrateful young lady.

When A tells her that he is thinking of marrying C, and she promptly decides that she will marry him, it looks like one of two things. Either she is suddenly aroused into a fit of jealousy and has the instinct to worst her rival in even A's affections, or the announcement of his intentions towards another has suddenly revealed to her that she after all cannot afford to lose A, of whom she is at heart fond.

Now, of which of the two is A really more fond? I should be inclined to think it must be B, for a love which endures over eight years of absence is no ordinary affection, and not to be lightly set aside. Therefore A should, if this is the case, return to his nearly lost love B, and forget all about C. But he should go back very diplomatically. On B's suddenly informing him of her willingness to marry him, he should shake his head and tell her he was unworthy of her, or that he was sure she did not care for him, and other regrets in kind, maintaining all the time an apparent determination to proceed with his affair with C. In this way he will be able to draw out of B all the latent feeling she may have for him, and one day when things reach a very intimate stage, he could let her know that he might be dissuaded from marrying C, and leave it to her to give the necessary acquiescence.

But if A has changed his feelings towards B, and transferred them to C, which seems a very likely thing after such a rebuff as he has received, I think he should quietly but firmly let the capricious B know that had she really cared for him she could have said the word before, and that having gone so far with C he was not to be drawn out by a mere sudden change in B's mind.

The arbiter in the matter will of course be love. If A has not made any proposal to C, there is no reason why he should not unite with B, assuming him to be really as fond of her as before.

No. 20.—A and B are in love with C, who prefers A's suit. B proposes by letter, and calls in person for her answer. A is announced while B is there. What should C do to give A a chance of declaring himself before giving B a decided refusal?

The affections of C seem to have a good deal of the businesslike element mixed with them, so I suppose I had better advise her on a business basis.

But it is difficult to transact the affair when only three are present. Four are the least that should be in the room in the arrangement of such a diplomatic matter. If C's mother is in the house at the time of the two gentlemen calling, she should certainly be present. If not, then C should contrive to get somebody else round, even if a servant had to be sent to her nearest lady friend.

She should be exceedingly nice to B, though she should endeavour so far as possible to keep the one topic out of conversation. When A is announced he should be asked in, and she should keep the two talking together, as they will have to do, it being impossible for both to make love to her. Then the mother or lady friend should arrive on the scene, and operations could be commenced.

As it is A that C is particularly anxious should propose, she should whisper to the other lady "Keep B talking as long as you can," and while he was doing so she should give A as much opportunity as possible for saying what he may have to say. If during their quiet chat he proposes, all will be well from her point of view, but if nothing is said of such a nature, then she must act as her judgment dictates as to whether or not she will accept B. Should she still have reason to believe that A will propose, she should diplomatically tell B that she will think over his proposal but cannot give an answer at once. Will he call, say, that day week? During that time she should try and see as much as possible of A, and if he does not propose in face of the rivalry of B obviously he is not very serious.

Though I have advised C how to proceed, I must say I have no sympathy whatever with a girl who thus attempts to play one man off against another. Though the course suggested might, with great skill, result in her marrying one or the other, the much more probable result is that she loses both. Such a meeting as that between A and B would most probably provoke trouble in which she would be the ultimate scapegoat.

[NEXT WEEK.—Mrs. A has asked Mr. B and Miss C to a party, and they have both accepted, not knowing of the other's presence. Mrs. A since learns that they have no wish to meet, owing to a broken engagement between them. How can she, at the eleventh hour, prevent their meeting?

[Miss A is engaged to Mr. B, but finds him a very clumsy lover, unable either to give or take a compliment, which makes their meetings less enjoyable. How can she improve this defect in her lover?]

To Read Your Fortune, You Must Get THE FORTUNE TELLER, By Professor P. E. S. FOLI, price One Shilling (post free 1 2). *Note.*—A large portion of this book is devoted to "Lovers and Marriage." Address: BOOK PUBLISHERS, 17 Henrietta Street, W.C.

Sickly C

"Her own dear l
thanks entirely to S

PHYLIS AUD
(From a phot

In these trying winter weeks one hears everywhere the cry of the children, disease so easily breaks down their tender strength. Every mother should answer that cry in this way:

"5 Stanley Villas, Westberry Avenue,
"Green Lanes, London, N.
"April 22nd, 1901.

"Dear Sirs,—My little daughter, two years of age, had a very bad attack of whooping cough last autumn. I tried everything I could for her, but could not get her well, and she fell away to almost nothing. Reading of many who had benefited by Scott's Emulsion, I decided to try the preparation for my child, and I am very thankful I did so. In a few weeks, after taking Scott's Emulsion, there was a very material improvement in her condition, and the cough was not nearly so harsh or distressing. What rather surprised me was the quickness with which she acquired a taste for Scott's Emulsion; she really wanted more than was good for her. I soon felt we were on the right track. You may be interested to know my wife procured a bottle of Emulsion from a chemist, stated to be "their own make," but it did not have the least effect upon baby, and after that we would have nothing but 'Scott's.' Now when I look at my child and remember what she was a few months ago, I can scarcely believe she is the same little one. She is thoroughly well, strong, and healthy, and her own dear little self again, thanks entirely to Scott's Emulsion.

"Yours very sincerely,
"(Signed) EDWARD WILLS."

Whooping cough is, of course, only one of the many children's illnesses going about just now. Measles, mumps, bronchitis, rickets, marasmus, poor digestion, anæmia, scarlet fever, these

Sickly Children

"Her own dear little self again, thanks entirely to Scott's Emulsion"

PHYLIS AUDRY WILLS
(From a photograph.)

In these trying winter weeks one hears everywhere the cry of the children, disease so easily breaks down their tender strength. Every mother should answer that cry in this way:

"5 Stanley Villas, Westberry Avenue,
"Green Lanes, London, N.
"April 22nd, 1901.

"Dear Sirs,—My little daughter, two years of age, had a very bad attack of whooping cough last autumn. I tried everything I could for her, but could not get her well, and she fell away to almost nothing. Reading of many who had benefited by Scott's Emulsion, I decided to try the preparation for my child, and I am very thankful I did so. In a few weeks, after taking Scott's Emulsion, there was a very material improvement in her condition, and the cough was not nearly so harsh or distressing. What rather surprised me was the quickness with which she acquired a taste for Scott's Emulsion; she really wanted more than was good for her. I soon felt we were on the right track. You may be interested to know my wife procured a bottle of Emulsion from a chemist, stated to be "their own make," but it did not have the least effect upon baby, and after that we would have nothing but 'Scott's.' Now when I look at my child and remember what she was a few months ago, I can scarcely believe she is the same little one. She is thoroughly well, strong, and healthy, and her own dear little self again, thanks entirely to Scott's Emulsion.

"Yours very sincerely,
"(Signed) EDWARD WILLS."

Whooping cough is, of course, only one of the many children's illnesses going about just now. Measles, mumps, bronchitis, rickets, marasmus, poor digestion, anæmia, scarlet fever, these are some of the unpleasant words one hears in all directions. In every case of these diseases Scott's Emulsion should at one stage or another be given—Scott's Emulsion will cure. There is nothing to be obtained anywhere that is half so good for sickly children. Your own doctor will agree to this.

And your own sense will agree that you cannot hope for the striking results produced by Scott's Emulsion if you buy something else. You may be offered what is said to be "just as good," but the seller of such imitation or substitute has no evidence of what he says, and can produce none, for the simple reason that Scott's Emulsion is the standard children's remedy on which all others are modelled. Mr. Wills's experience with one of these "just as good" preparations shows you exactly what to expect from them. No imitation is ever as good as the original.

Mr. Wills emphasizes another striking point about Scott's Emulsion—how nice it is to take: "she really wanted more than was good for her." This is the great advantage Scott's Emulsion has over common cod-liver oil, which no one ever wants to take! And then, medicinally, Scott's Emulsion is, according to the comparative tests of a distinguished physician, "three times as efficacious as the same amount of common cod liver oil."

For these reasons see that the picture of a man carrying a big fish is on the wrapper of every bottle; if they are there you have Scott's Emulsion.

You can obtain a sample of Scott's Emulsion by sending threepence to cover postage to Scott & Bowne Ltd., 95 Great Saffron Hill, London, E.C., and mentioning this paper. All chemists sell Scott's Emulsion.

FORTIFIES THE SYSTEM AGAINST

CONSTIPATION,

Sleeplessness, languor, loss of appetite, headaches and dizziness are symptoms of Indigestion and Liver Disorder, and quickly yield to the extract of roots and barks known as

SEIGEL'S SYRUP

Mrs. E. Cowley, 162, Wavertree Road, Liverpool, says: "For years I was a martyr to Indigestion. Nothing I ate would digest properly, and the pains in my chest and stomach after eating the lightest meal made life wretched. Bad headaches and constipation combined to make me miserable. I got no relief until I took Seigel's Syrup, which quickly set me right."
July 5th, 1901.

COUGHS, COLDS AND INFLUENZA.

Allen Foster & Co.

THE LONDON MANUFACTURERS

ILLUSTRATED SKETCH BOOK OF FASHIONS FOR SPRING SEASON NOW READY. Patterns of Materials sent Post Free.

10/6 10/6

ALLEN FOSTER & CO.'S SHOW ROOMS, 47 Golden Lane, Barbican, London, E.C., Are open daily from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. Saturdays until 1 o'clock. Ladies are invited to call and inspect their goods.

Design No. 732. 10/6. New Chesterfield Coat for the Spring Season, 52in. long. Made in stylish Tweed, Covert Coating, or Vienna Cloths. Colours: Fawn, Brown, Grey, Green, Fawn, and Black. All sizes kept in stock. Price only 10/6. Carriage paid, 6d. extra.

Design No. 601. 10/6. The fashionable Eton Costume for Spring and Summer wear. Coat trimmed with three rows of cording and two rows of narrow braid, and six small fancy buttons, very smart. Produced in all the new shades of the world-renowned Specialite Serge or Vienna Cloth. Price only 10/6; carriage 6d. Skirt only, 6/6; carriage, 5d. A marvellous costume for the money. The best value in the Trade. This Costume may be ordered in the new "Coronate" Cloth, price only 21/- in all the latest Pastel Shades.

Design No. 934. 8/11. Superior Costume Skirt with three shaped frills graduated at back. Each frill is trimmed with braid. There are three additional rows of braid at top of frills. Made in all the shades of A. F. & Co.'s Vienna Cloth or Specialite Serge. A Great Bargain for 8/11. Carriage 5d. This skirt can be ordered in the new "Coronate" Cloth, trimmed glace silk in place of braid. Price 15/11; carr. 5d.

Design No. 612. 10/6. Stylish Costume, made with the fashionable Russian Blouse Bodice, produced in Allen Foster & Co.'s Specialite Serge or Vienna Cloth, in all shades. The coat is trimmed with braid, and the skirt is cut in the new fashionable Bell shape. Costume complete, 10/6; carriage paid 6d. extra. Skirt alone, 5/6; carriage paid, 5d. extra. This Costume in the new "Coronate" cloth, trimmed silk in place of braid, price only 21/-

DESIGN No. 601 10/6 Carriage 6d. extra. Skirt alone, 6/6 Carriage 5d. extra

Every lady should see the NEW "CORONATE" CLOTH All the new Pastel shades. Write for Patterns.

VALUE FOR MONEY.

DESIGN No. 934. /11.

DESIGN No. 613. 10/6 Skirt alone, 5/6 Carr., 5d. ex.

LADIES' COSTUMES AND JACKETS IN GREAT VARIETY. Direct at first cost from the "Allosco" Factories.

The London Manufacturers,
ALLEN FOSTER & CO., 47 GOLDEN LANE, BARBICAN, E.C.

Columns that are Re(a)d —not Khaki.

A pencil-case will be awarded to each person whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

ALF. G. AND OTHERS are concerned to know what the heading of this page, "Sweet Sixteen," which appeared a week or so back, signified?——I am surprised at such a question. Surely the eternal freshness and charm of this page sufficiently explains such a title? There is, of course, the additional reason that this happens to be Page Sixteen of this paper, and, therefore, of necessity, "Sweet Sixteen." As a matter of fact, though, it is more often Page Twenty, and frequently Page Twenty-four. But in the young days of *P.W.*, the correspondence page was always the sixteenth, and Page Sixteen was our office term for it.

"WHEN is singing shouting?" asks J. H.——At about the same time as bowling at cricket is throwing, or when, instead of the voice giving forth its sounds as a result of a continuous and sustained breath, it "throws" them into the air by a spasmodic gasp, which causes a noise which is not music.

TOUCHING shiny noses, M. M., a lady reader, comes forward with a recipe which my shiny correspondents might like to know. On the symptoms of the first shine appearing, buy a piece of lint from the chemist, rub on it some powdered borax, and apply to the nose and face. This, I understand, not only removes shininess, but makes the skin as clear and smooth as a girl's.

"WHY not smoking waiting-rooms?" very aptly asks NICK O' TINE. "Why are smokers, whom railway companies provide for in trains, ignored on platforms, by being prohibited from smoking in the waiting-room, and compelled to wander about on a drear and cold platform?"——Quite so, why indeed? Seeing that on nearly every platform there is a ladies' waiting-room, I cannot see why smoking should be forbidden in the general rooms. The percentage of males who object to the weed is insignificant, and one would think in days of epidemics like the present, smoking, which is a notorious germ-killer, would be encouraged in public places. But there are some prejudices which must die very hard, and the "anti-smoking" one is among them.

"I ALWAYS whistle or hum when in low spirits," writes ADOLPHUS, "do these actions accompany sadness?"——That all depends whether you are whistling "The Honeysuckle and the Bee," in which case sadness is certainly conveyed—to other people. But seriously, I think you are quite original in discoursing sounds as a result of sadness. People usually whistle and hum when they are feeling fit. The Advertisement Manager, who occupies the next office to mine—which is separated by very thin walls—whistles continuously the ditty above mentioned, and I believe he is of a singularly happy disposition, seeing that the floweriest of language and the heaviest of paper weights seem to have no effect whatever on him.

WORRIED.—The idea that marriage between second cousins would lead to insanity in the children is, in most instances, quite erroneous. Even in the case of first cousins the danger of this result is probably much over-estimated. I have a very wide experience of cousins, and, though, in several cases, they share family characteristics with each other, I know many first cousins who are as different in every way as is chalk from cheese. As to second cousins, the blood connection is so very remote that there is little probability of any such result as you mention. So don't be dissuaded from continuing your suit for your fair distant relative's hand.

F. R. Y. has a slight knowledge of French, and sometimes tries to converse with Frenchmen. The other day he wished to tell one of his French friends that he "liked" a certain thing, but could think of no French word corresponding to this expression. He would either have to say the French for "I love it," or "I find it good," neither of which quite expresses the intended meaning.——The word "like" is a curiously British one. It is not to be found in the French, Latin, or German tongues, and as used in English is practically a corruption of an old Teutonic word meaning to "please." In Shakesperean and other literature of the period it will be found that it is not man who "likes" the thing, but the thing that "likes" or pleases him. In time it has got twisted round, so instead of saying to an agreeable person "you like me very much," as our ancestors would have done, we say, "I like you very much"—a corruption which other languages have not adopted. So this word, at least, is our very own, and it is a useful enough one in all conscience. What would be our relations of friendship if we had no sentiment between "finding anyone good," and "loving" them? The first would be a poor sort of expression of feeling, while the latter would be compromising. But perhaps our foreign neighbours overcome the difficulty by going in for a universal love, and no likes, leaving the latter sentiment to the cold Britisher.

J. T.—It is true that *P.W.* has now and again dropped into pictures. We do not pose as an illustrated paper any more than Silas Wegg, the "literary gentleman with a wooden leg," spoken of by Dickens, posed as a poet. Just as, when he felt friendly, he would vary his prose by "dropping into poetry," so *P.W.* when it feels particularly fresh and youthful, comes out with a sketch or so.

AFTER two pages of flattery on the wisdom which I am alleged to possess, F. W. T. invites my answer to the question, "What is the secret of happiness?"——One thing is certain, the secret is in everyone's own keeping—namely, their power to extract the best from their lives, wherever situated. A king may be miserable on a throne, yet a tramp happy in his casual ward, as many an old proverb teaches us. The happiest man is he who works and is delighted in it. All the pleasures in the world combined cannot confer happiness if a man has not the power to enjoy. The secret of happiness is the power to employ all that is best in yourself to the extraction of all that is best in life.

WHICH word is most generally misspelt? T. G. A., who has a wide experience of advertising, finds the word most generally wrongly spelt is "accommodation," which is in hundreds of cases spelt with only one "m" or "c."——Certainly the word you mention suffers merciless mauling, and perhaps, as you suggest, readers may have noticed in public advertisements other words in the same plight. With regard to private correspondence, I find from a pretty wide experience that the little word "oblige" is a stumbling block to lots of people, who cannot keep "d" out of it. Perhaps some of the correspondents in question may note this, and avoid the error when next writing to me.

THE question whether a man can always find a way of knowing the girl he admires, CONVENTIONAL, has been discussed a great many times in these columns by Miss Madge Morris, who has pointed out that for a man with ordinary qualifications, and a certain amount of practical cleverness, it is quite possible to make a lady's acquaintance without breaking proper rules. I can only summarise what she has said by saying, "Find out the lady's address, connections, and pastimes, and through them try to bring yourself into social touch with her." But all depends on the circumstances. If you write to Miss Morris, c/o SHORT STORIES, telling her exactly what the circumstances are, I do not doubt that she will have some suggestion to make to you. Generalities do not avail much in such cases.

"Is it not a fact that milk has medicinal properties," asks PROLAX, "and has anything been done to further it as a stimulant?"——I believe the medical profession has the greatest respect for milk; unlike other stimulants, to properly benefit by it, one must take it not in moderation. Professor Philip N. Robinson, of America, has started a milk Mecca at Money Island, Long Island Sound, U.S.A., where the milk cure is gaining rapid adherents. He estimates that if a man or woman could afford to take twenty quarts per day of fresh milk for a few weeks, that is, a quart each hour, the strength of the body would increase enormously. But it has to be taken fresh from the cow, and at a uniform temperature to be properly efficacious as medicine.

"Is the heat of the sun, or the rise and fall of the waves anywhere utilised as a power?" asks P. B.——The sun is turned to useful account in California, where a solar motor has been constructed by which the rays are reflected through a mirror and concentrated on a cylinder of water, which it boils, and causes to be utilised as steam. As to the waves of the sea, I am not aware of any practical use at present for them, but believe certain seaside towns contemplate utilising them as an electric lighting power. The wind is made to turn itself to account by many enterprising householders, including Mr. Rider Haggard, whose seaside residence at Kessingland, Suffolk, is adorned—or otherwise—by a windmill which draws water, and fills all sorts of other useful domestic offices, while many others use it for electric lighting purposes in remote districts to no small advantage.

NOT content with dragging me into defining a "hole" against my will, another cynical correspondent asks: "Does a ladder include the spaces between the rungs? We have had an argument about it, and some say you can't have a ladder without them, while others say the spaces do not belong to the ladder at all. As we are sitting up all night on this subject, please give your verdict at once."——A ladder, like everything else, is a something amongst nothings. A tea-cup is a something with nothing in the centre and all around it, and a ladder is a something with the nothings divided off by occasional rungs. Certainly the ladder could not exist without the nothings, neither could anything else, including yourself, who possess four nothings, between the finger and toe of each hand and foot, as well as elsewhere. As nothing is essential to the well-being of every something, so are the spaces between the ladder necessary to its existence, and if anyone tries to deprive the owner of one of the spaces, he should be prosecuted, as they belong to the ladder. So please go to bed in future at nights. It is a splendid diversion.

J. E. M. S. AND OTHERS.—Thanks, very much. Yes, I am just a little bit tired of receiving cures for hiccoughs, which, as I pointed out, generally seize one when cures are either out of reach, or likely to make one look foolish. At all events, I take the opportunity of stating that out of 375 possible cures, it is the opinion of 263 readers that the most effective one is to take a glass of water and drink as much as you can swallow, place your fingers to your ears and your thumbs to your nostrils, which is said to be infallible. So please, please, dear reader, spare me any more letters on hiccoughs. Ping-pong itself were preferable.

J. E. DE F. quotes the following sentence from a paragraph on this page recently: "The cows had been trying to get the horse's hay, and had put their tongues through the hole, which the horse had bitten off." "Since when," he inquires facetiously, "have horses been capable of biting off holes?"——If you take a microscope and examine the above sentence, you will observe after the word "hole" a comma. Now had that comma not been there, certainly the impression given would be that it was the hole that the horse had bitten off. But as the comma is there, and the subject of the previous sentence was "tongues," not "hole," the following words apply, by grammatical rules, to tongues and to nothing else. So, J. E. DE F., your reflection on my "eagle" eye does not hold water. Try again.

"WHAT is the best remedy for the blues?" asks HUMPY-DUMPY, who continuously gets that complaint.——Have you tried the smile cure? That is to say, next time you feel down in the dumps, expand your face into a broad grin, and keep it like that for a few minutes. Provided you are not placed under restraint as a lunatic while you are doing it, you will probably find that the smile has restored your normal cheerfulness completely. They say the face is the mirror of the feelings, but no less are the feelings the mirror of the face, if properly manipulated. Who could be gloomy when their faces are expanded by a grin? In the same way, by frowning and turning down the corners of your lips, you will become misanthropic and miserable at once. Try both, and if they fail, it's liver.

New Insurance Scheme.

£100 In the event of a person having the current number of *Pearson's Weekly* on him or her at the time being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not *by an accident to any train in which he or she may be travelling as a passenger*, the next-of-kin of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to the OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 40, 42, and 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

£1,000 INSURANCE.

476 Claims already paid, including one of a Thousand Pounds.

This Insurance holds good for **any number of claims** to the extent of **£1,000**—not for one only. **£1,000** specially guaranteed by the OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 40, 42, and 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notice of claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address. Insurance ticket, applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland, issued under section 33 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890.

£1,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling with pass or railway servants' ticket in an ordinary carriage), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-months' subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

The above conditions are the essence of the contract.

This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks No. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Signature .....

Available from 6 p.m., Thursday, April 3rd, 1902, until midnight Friday, April 11th, 1902.

Printed by HORACE COX, Bream's Buildings, E.C., and Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON LTD., at Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street, London W.C.

"THAT'S FROM *P.W.!*"

British!

That word "EXPRESS" on the dial of a watch is a guarantee that it is Pure British Manufacture throughout, and NOT a foreign-made movement in English Cases.

J. G. GRAVES

is the only Firm who can supply the 'EXPRESS' (Regd.) English Lever, and the price is £2 10s.

This Standard British Time-keeper is sent on receipt of a deposit of 5/-. You then test and examine it, and, if satisfied, complete the purchase in nine more monthly payments of 5/-. If not satisfied, return the watch and your deposit is refunded.

THE LARGEST WATCH-SALES FIRM IN THE WORLD.

Send for No. 1 Catalogue Post Free. Good Agents wanted in every town and village. Apply for terms.

J. G. GRAVES, 23 Division St., Sheffield.

INSIST ON HAVING!

PETER'S
The Original Milk Chocolate

SOLD EVERYWHERE.
1d., 3d., 6d. and 1s. Tablets, 3d. and 1s. Croquettes.
Sole Agents (Trade only): S. J. Mackenzie & Co., Ltd., London.

A SWEETMEAT & A… ALL IMITATION… ARE…

OF WATCHES, JEWELLERY, ELECTRO-PLATE, CUTLERY, ART METAL GOODS, LEATHER and OPTICAL GOODS, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, etc.,

IT WILL DO MORE THAN AMAZE YOU AT THE BEAUTY OF THE 1,500 ENGRAVINGS.

IT WILL POSITIVELY SAVE YOU MONEY.

HOW? SIMPLY BECAUSE WE GIVE YOU BACK 2d. IN EVERY 1s., MAKING 3s. 4d. IN EVERY £1.

THIS IS BONA FIDE—YOU MAY DEDUCT IT WHEN SENDING!

OUR CATALOGUE IS QUITE FREE.

SEND A POST-CARD. WE SEND CATALOGUE BY RETURN.

WHAT MAKES OUR CATALOGUE UNIQUE?

THE FREE GIFTS OF MONEY IT BRINGS WITH IT MENTIONED ABOVE!

C. LANGDON DAVIES & CO.,
121 to 125 Bristol Street, BIRMINGHAM.

FREE!! 2,500 Cycles, Motors & Accessories, 50 Page Catalogue. Free to any address. Eye-opener to all. Machines from 30/-. Bargains in Accessories. Agents wanted.

Trade Supplied—WARRILOW & Co., Weston-s-Mare

Made Her Beautiful.

Every Lady in the Land Can Now Have a Beautiful Skin.

A TRIAL BOX FREE.

It has remained for a Cincinnati woman to discover the secret of a perfect skin. She has at last found the key to feminine beauty. All the sighs and heartaches over a poor appearance may now be banished, for it is

FANNIE B. RALSTON (Showing her wonderful improvement).

within the means of every lady, young or middle aged, to have the clearest and most refined complexion so dear to a woman's heart.

Fannie B. Ralston, 628 Lexington Ave., Newport, Ky., U.S.A., says: "When I began using Mme. Ribault's complexion beautifiers I did not think it possible to clear my skin; my face was in a horrible condition, literally covered with red spots, pimples, blackheads, moth patches, and freckles. I suffered a thousands deaths, and when I sent for a trial of Mme. Ribault's beautifiers I improved so wonderfully that my friends did not recognise me, so quickly had the change taken place. My skin is now perfectly lovely, and there is not a blemish or wrinkle anywhere."

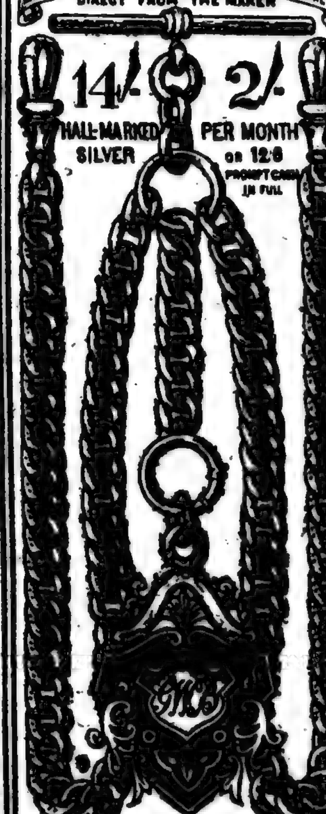
It is not a face powder, cream, cosmetic or bleach, contains no oil, grease, paste, chemicals or poisons of any kind, and is absolutely pure.

Write to Mme. M. Ribault, 5 Stonecutter Street, London, E.C., and she will mail free, prepaid, in a plain sealed wrapper a free package of her wonderful beautifiers and you will always bless the day you wrote. Do not fail to write to-day.

Write your name very plain, and be sure to give your full address as there can be no mistake in delivery.

The "VICTOR"

HALL-MARKED SILVER CHAIN PENDANT WITH REAL GOLD CENTRE
DIRECT FROM THE MAKER



REDUCED ILLUSTRATION.

SPECIFICATION.—The Victor Sterling Silver Double Albert is the most useful, best value, and strongest chain hitherto produced. It is of full length, and fitted with fixed drop piece, bolt ring, and two swivels. Every link and ring is Hall-marked, and *every connection being permanently closed*, the chain is practically unbreakable—a method not previously adopted with even the most expensive gold chains.

The appendage is cut out of a solid block of Hall-marked Silver, mounted with a real Gold centre-piece, on which the purchaser's initials are engraved without extra charge.

DON'T SEND ANY MONEY, BUT write for the 'Victor' Chain, stating full Name, Occupation, Address, and mention *Pearson's Weekly*. The Chain is forwarded on approval for seven days, in order to afford an opportunity for TRIAL, COMPARISON, VALUATION, or any other test. If satisfactory purchase can be completed on terms of 2s. per month for seven months or 12s. 6d. cash in full if preferred.

This offer is only made to persons in permanent employment, and young men under 21 years of age must obtain their parent's sanction to the transaction.

THE ONLY ADDRESS

W. E. WATTS, WHOLESALE DEPOT, Founded 1858, 100–102 Derby Road, NOTTINGHAM

ORGAN BOOK FREE

IT'S WORTH A POST-CARD to get this interesting and handsomely got-up book. Full of useful hints on Organ Buying for the Home, School, or Mission.

Write to-day—now—and save money.

J. H. OSBORNE, 15 Charterhouse St., London, E.C.—N.B. *A Piece of Piano Music* and FREE, name paper.

Old False Teeth Bought.

Many people have old or disused false teeth. Messrs. R. D. & J. B. Fraser Ltd., of Princes Street, Ipswich (established 1833), buy old false teeth. If you send your teeth to them they will remit you by return of post the utmost value; or if preferred, they will make you the best offer, and hold the teeth over for your reply. The largest and oldest buyers of old false teeth in the world.

WANTED, 50,000 CLERKS, ARTIZANS & OTHERS

to write postcards to Curzon Bros., 93 Aldersgate Street, London, E.C., for Free Patterns of our Famous Suits, guaranteed to measure, at 21/- (valued by our customers at £2 2s.)

TROUSERS TO MEASURE AT 5/9.

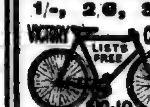
Gentlemen desirous of obtaining perfect fitting and stylish clothing will do well to drop us a postcard, on receipt of which we will send, **Absolutely Free of Charge**, our large range of patterns, tape measure, fashion plate, and full instructions how to measure yourself, all free.

SUPERFINE QUALITY SUITS AT 27/6.

Call or Write.

CURZON BROS. (Dept. 37), 93 Aldersgate St., London, E.C.

1/-, 2/6, 3/9, 5/- WEEKLY



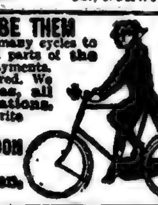
To introduce our 1902 Models into each district we offer as advertisement, Carriage Paid, SAMPLE, Lady's or Gent's, £6 6s. Agents wanted.

DEREHAM ROAD CYCLE CO., NORWICH.

CLERGY ENDORSE THEM

We sell a great many cycles to clergymen in all parts of the world on easy payments. No guarantors required. We supply both sexes, all ages, all occupations. We want YOU to write for our circulars.

SYMONDS' LONDON STORES, 66 Hatton Garden, London.



FREE TO THE RUPTURED

A Sample of

DEVELOPING LYMPHOL

GEORGE JORDAN (*from a Photo*)

27, Bishopsgate Road, Gloucester.

Mr. JORDAN was cured of a Rupture by this treatment after suffering seventeen years. I will send a sample and series of books on Rupture post paid in sealed package, to all afflicted persons that write.

Address: Dr. W. S. RICE, (40) 9, Stonecutter St., London, E.C.

CIGARES de JOY

(Joy's Cigarettes)

IMMEDIATELY RELIEVE

ASTHMA

WHEEZING & CHRONIC BRONCHITIS.

50 years success 2/6 Box 35.

WILCOX, 49, HAYMARKET, S.W. AND ALL CHEMISTS.

Cures Goitre.

Great Medical Discovery that Cures this Dangerous and Disfiguring Disease at Home Without Pain or Inconvenience.

Trial Package Sent Free.

A well-known Cincinnati physician has had marvellous success with a remedy that always cures Goitre or Thick Neck quickly at home; and owing to the fact that most

HORRORS! WHAT A NECK!

sufferers believe goitre is incurable he sends a free trial package of his discovery so that patients may try it and know positively that their goitre can be cured at home without pain, dangerous surgical operation or any inconvenience.

Doctor Haig can cure any goitre quickly and safely in your own home. It makes no difference how serious your case may be, just write him to-day telling your age, size of your goitre, what part of the neck it is on and how long you have had it, and he will send you by return mail the free trial package, post paid, of the remedy that will surely cure you.

Do not delay but write to-day to Dr. John P. Haig, 3677 Glenn Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A., and he will forward the treatment, postage prepaid. Do not fail to get this wonderful remedy. In Rio Janiero, Brazil, S.A., 60,000 patients in that infected district were cured with this same remedy, and wherever used its success has been marvellous.

Remember a letter to America requires 2½d. postage. Write your name very plain and be sure to give your full address so there can be no mistake in delivery.

SWEET CAPORAL
CIGARETTES

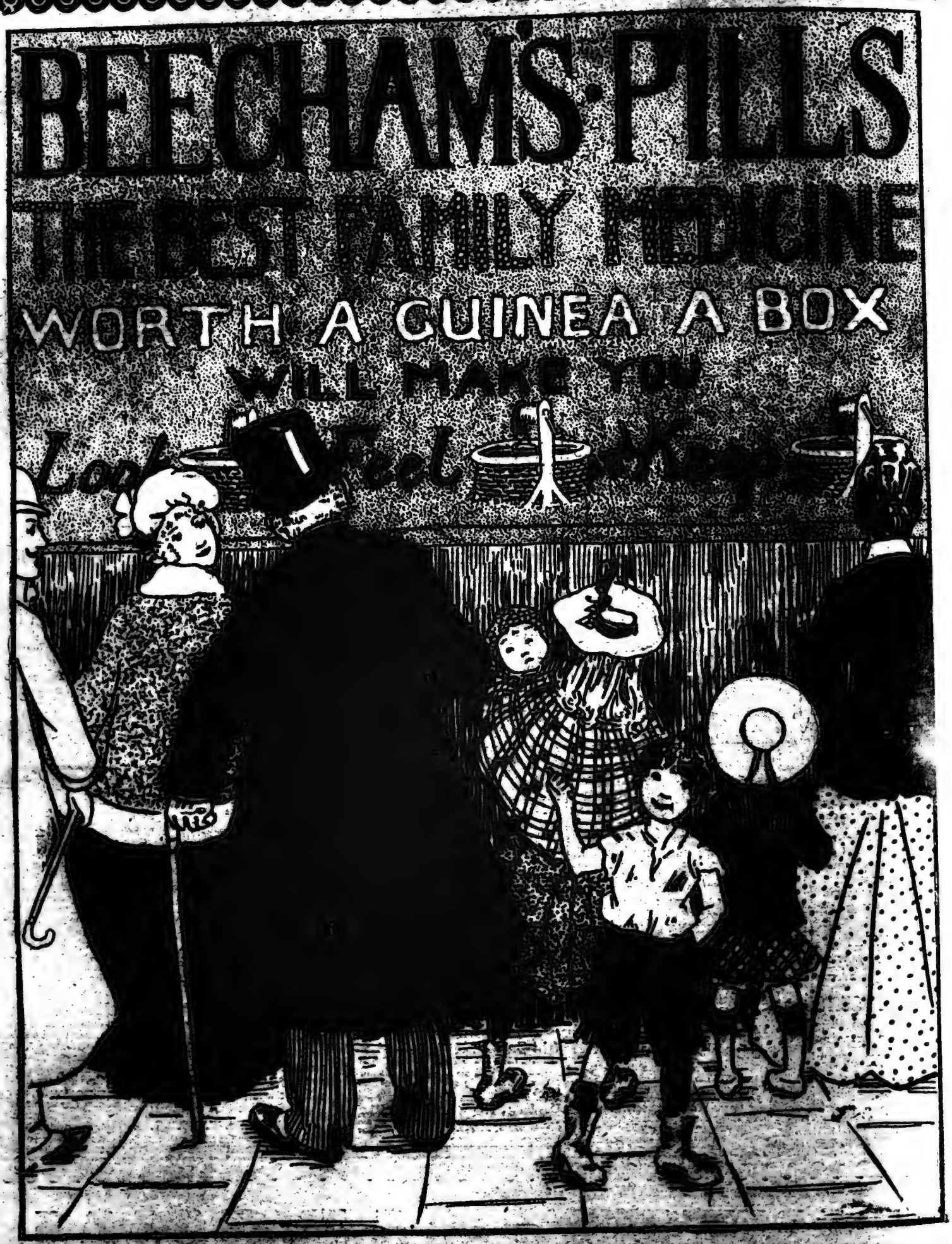
Every packet of 10 contains a Coupon. Five Coupons entitle you to a Free Packet of Sweet Caporal Cigarettes.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

THE BEST FAMILY MEDICINE

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

WILL MAKE YOU



THOUSANDS OF FAMILIES always keep a box of BEECHAM'S PILLS in the house, so that on the first sign of anything wrong a timely dose may be administered, and further trouble and suffering averted. Nine-tenths of the BEECHAM'S PILLS sold are purchased by those who have used them before, and have found them indispensable as A FAMILY MEDICINE.

And then again,

BEECHAM'S PILLS

do not require the publication of testimonials to maintain their tremendous demand. WHY? *Because those who once try BEECHAM'S PILLS are naturally impelled to inform others of the benefits derived therefrom, and in this way the confidence and esteem of the public have been lastingly secured.*

Sold in Boxes, price 1s. 1½d. (56 Pills) and 2s. 9d. (168 Pills).

Anything that made a lather

used to be considered Soap.

Women stood for hours, over the steaming odours of poisonous materials & inhaled bad health.

Sunlight Soap

altered all that!

It raised the tone of Soapmaking.

It did away with the toil, which shattered the life of the housewife. It offers a reward of £1000 for any impurity in its composition.

Sunlight Soap TO DAY

is, as it always has been.

The best soap

It's use entails **NO** SCRUBBING; **NO** TOILING; **NO** BOILING;

RUB A LITTLE ON THE LINEN, LET IT SOAK FOR AWHILE, RINSE IN CLEAN WATER—THATS ALL!

LEVER BROTHERS, LTD. PORT SUNLIGHT. CHESHIRE.

Anything that made a lather

used to be considered Soap.

Women stood for hours, over the steaming odours of poisonous materials & inhaled bad health.

Sunlight Soap

altered all that!

It raised the tone of Soapmaking.

It did away with the toil, which shattered the life of the housewife. It offers a reward of £1000 for any impurity in its composition.

Sunlight Soap TO DAY

is, as it always has been.

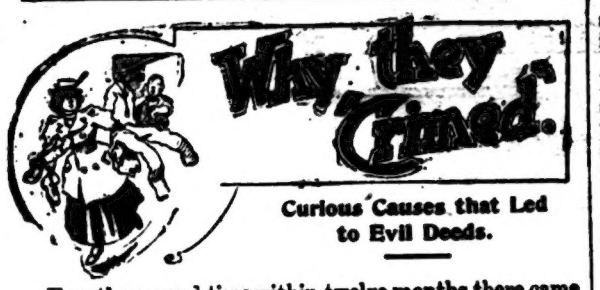
The best soap

It's use entails **NO** SCRUBBING, **NO** TOILING, **NO** BOILING;

RUB A LITTLE ON THE LINEN, LET IT SOAK FOR AWHILE, RINSE IN CLEAN WATER—THATS ALL!

The Sunlight Way.

LEVER BROTHERS, LTD. PORT SUNLIGHT. CHESHIRE.



Curious Causes that Led to Evil Deeds.

For the second time within twelve months there came under the notice of the Rev. Mr. Merrick, then the senior Chaplain of Holloway Gaol, a female prisoner who elicited his particular attention, so modest and respectable-looking and well-spoken a girl did she seem to be for one in such a position.

And the curious part of the case was that, though on each of the two occasions when this girl, who was about nineteen years of age, had been locked up for thefts, precisely identical in their nature, the inquiries of the police showed that she was, though poor, extremely hard-working and of unblemished character, save for the two offences which had brought her to Holloway. These offences were that she had on each occasion tried to steal from North London "ready-made" clothiers men's suits of clothing.

Mr. Merrick was so much interested in the case—especially after he had received a letter from a brother clergyman, who stated that the girl had, to his knowledge, always conducted herself in an exemplary way, and that not even her parents could understand such inexplicable offences as stealing men's clothes—that he put considerable pressure on her to find out why she had committed such acts. At first the girl refused to speak, but finally, in tears, she revealed her motive.

TROUSER STEALING FOR A SWEETHEART.

It appeared that a young fellow hailing from the same neighbourhood as that from which she herself came, had courted her for some time, but had, about two years before, enlisted for a soldier. The young man had assured the girl that, were he free from the Army, he could get a job that would enable him to marry her, and she, with this in her mind, had tried to steal a suit of men's civilian clothing, in order that her sweetheart might desert from the Army, and have a better chance of keeping out of the way. There could be no doubt of the facts, and the girl was ultimately released and looked after.

Captain Nott-Bower, the well-known Chief Constable of Liverpool, tells of two similar cases where work girls, of good character, were charged with stealing men's clothing. But in these cases the motive was that they might themselves assume a manly garb, and become stowaways on vessels bound respectively to North and South America. One of the girls, a stalwart Irish lass, who wanted to join her sweetheart in America, had actually, in preparation, had her hair cropped short, and had also bought a pair of second-hand, high seamen's boots.

Not very long since, when Mr. Fenwick-Fenwick, now one of the magistrates at Bow Street, sat at Greenwich Police Court, a young man of twenty-eight, in regular work, and of hitherto unexceptionable character, was charged before him with stealing some paltry article, only worth a few coppers, from the counter of a chemist's shop. The offence, committed in the most bungling and open way, was quite inexplicable, for the prisoner had been in the same employ for years, had £70 in the bank, and was not known to have a single embarrassment of any kind.

GETTING OUT OF A MARRIAGE.

And the mystery of the case was made all the greater by the fact that the prisoner refused to make any show of defence, and rather scouted than otherwise the evidence of his employer, who, quite unrequested, appeared in court. The magistrate remanded the case for inquiry, and the prisoner's employer, in particular, interested himself in the elucidation of the affair, his first idea being that the prisoner was demented.

But in a very short while he and the detective in charge of the case found that the prisoner was to have been married on the very day after that on which he was locked up. And they further found that he had several times tried to break off the marriage, altogether an undesirable one, but had, under duress, been compelled to proceed in the business. And then he confessed that he had committed the offence which had brought him to the dock solely with the intent of being sent to gaol, and thus getting out of the marriage. He was ultimately discharged.

In a teeming city of the West Riding of Yorkshire the police had for years suspected a certain man, known as "Creeper," as a receiver of stolen goods. But, although the authorities knew for certain that Creeper was one of the most artful and successful "fences" in the North of England, they had never been able to get him under lock and key.

And, considering all this, they were not a little astonished when one night an ordinary constable brought Creeper in to the Central Police Station on a charge of assaulting another man in the street and wilfully causing an obstruction. The constable, a young fellow new to the force, deposed to the fact that he had given Creeper innumerable chances of going away, but the man, who was not in liquor, almost insisted upon being locked up.

This fact made a powerful impression upon Detective-Inspector Gillespie, and he, very naturally, asked himself: "Why should Creeper, who, of course, kept away from the observation of the police as much as possible always, have thus insisted upon being locked up on so paltry a charge?"

Gillespie then remembered that there had been discharged, early on the same day as that on which Creeper had been arrested, a man who had been charged, on suspicion, with having been concerned in a great jewel robbery. After several remands, the police had been unable to produce any tangible evidence against the alleged jewel thief, and he had thus been set free.

When this man had first been arrested and brought in to the Central Police Station, he had been searched thoroughly, as the police believed, but no jewels had been found on him, though only a few hours before he was known to have been in possession, at a low public-house, of a small parcel full of beautiful loose stones, diamonds, and rubies.

JEWELS HIDDEN IN SOAP.

At this Central Police Station, at the period when this happened, nearly all the prisoners who were sober were, on admission and before the first remand, placed in one long stone paved cell—a sort of common room—in which were, besides several plank-beds, a primitive washing arrangement, hard yellow soap, a metal comb, and so on, so that the prisoners might look as decent as possible when taken before the magistrate in the morning. But no prisoner, after his first remand, ever returned to this cell.

Before Creeper was brought up in the morning on the charge of assault, Gillespie caused him to be brought out of the common cell spoken of and once more searched, for he had, as is the case with all prisoners, also been roughly searched on admission. And to the vast surprise of those who had on the first occasion gone through Creeper's clothes, there was found on him a parcel of loose diamonds and rubies worth nearly £3,000.

The fact, as it ultimately came out, was that by some means the jewel thief had managed to hide the jewels away from those who searched him on arrest. But he knew well that when he was remanded he would be taken away to the district gaol, on admission to which he would be more rigorously searched; so he had concealed the jewels in the common cell—some of them, it was believed, in the soap, for soap still adhered to certain of the stones.

COMMITTING ASSAULT TO—

On his release, for want of evidence, he had told Creeper where the jewels were hidden, and the latter had determined to get at them by being locked up on a paltry charge. And he would have succeeded in getting away with them but for the astuteness of the officer named. As it was, he was convicted for the unlawful possession of the stones.

There is something of very real tragedy in the following case that came under the especial cognisance of Mr. Superintendent Melville, of New Scotland Yard, than whom no man in Europe knows more of anarchists and political plotters.

Not very long since a certain member of the foreign colony in London, a young fellow, and one who did all the work he could get, was charged with a murderous assault upon the youthful foreign woman to whom he was engaged to be married.

Although it became known to the police that the young fellow had always shown the most passionate love for the girl, a love that she to the full reciprocated, and had never been known, prior to the assault, to have had a wrong word with her, she alleged that he had, whilst telling her that he meant to have her life, inflicted several wounds upon her with a knife.

It was strange that, at the trial, the woman, though in tears and looking tenderly at the prisoner, made the case against him as black as possible, whilst he never attempted to refute the charge, but made his case worse by saying what he would do if he were free. And in spite of the woman's statement as to the determination to kill her expressed by the prisoner, the doctors who were called made very light of the wounds inflicted upon the prosecutrix. The prisoner was ultimately sent to a long term of imprisonment.

—ESCAPE FROM ANARCHISTS.

As the prisoner left the dock he gave a long, lingering loving look at the woman, and, in a foreign tongue, spoke some words of love and hope. Those who took the trouble to notice the changed demeanour of the prisoner at this climax, were altogether puzzled, but not so Mr. Melville.

For, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that gentleman had just got to know that the prisoner had, only a day or two before the alleged assault was committed, been told off by a body of anarchists, who then met in a street off Tottenham Court Road, to murder an august visitor then expected to sojourn with our Royal Family in England.

The prisoner, influenced by his sweetheart, and, as Mr. Melville found, by her uncle, had acted the part of a murderous assailant specially that he might be locked up and might escape the *rôle* of an assassin, the idea of himself and sweetheart being that the longer the term he got, the better might he get out the clutches of the gang he had joined.

I DEFEND BAD GRAMMAR.

By the Cantankerous Crank.

(This Contributor has never been Known to Think Like Anyone Else.—EDITOR.)

Grammar has its uses, and no school should be with out a book of reference on the subject. It tells us why we speak as we do, and gives one an admirable idea of scientific talking.

But that it should be used as a means for inflicting misery on peaceful, rate-paying citizens is intolerable. I do not wish to advocate that we should speak ungrammatically, but if certain words or phrases express certain things, I don't see why one should be forbidden to use them because of some fossilised grammatical rule.

Take the word "rheumatics," for instance. If you tell anyone you are suffering from them, they instantly regard you as an ignoramus. You are supposed to say either "rheumatic fever" or "rheumatism." Now, the complaint you are suffering from may not be either.

Supposing you have not got a fever, but your bones are stiff and you can't move. You can't call it rheumatic fever, and to refer to it as rheumatism would seem a gross understatement of the case, which revolts the soul of a genuine invalid. "Rheumatism" conveys the idea of a local pain, which does not entitle you to a great deal of sympathy, and one shrinks from using it in connection with a really swell kind of complaint. "Rheumatics" is the very word, yet this stupid rule prevents you from using it.

Supposing you meet anyone in a fog, and they cry "Who's there?" Grammarians will tell you you should say "Only I," not "Only me." Now, can one conceive anything more incongruous than spluttering out in a fog, "Only I"? The word "I," in this sense, conveys no meaning at all, and is most unsatisfactory in referring to yourself. "Me" has a comfortable, inclusive ring about it, and I, for one, shall continue to use it, come all the grammarians of the world in arms. To you I am "me," and nothing but "me," and I shall not talk about myself in a fog as "I," to please anyone.

If anyone, should, before taking a cigarette from your case, ask you which are Egyptian or American you are supposed to point to the one, or the other, and say, "These are they," not "These are them." The first phrase is most objectionable, and anyone saying it, instinctively wonders whether he has suddenly taken leave of his senses, or is trying to be funny. Yet it is strictly correct. The verb "to be" has a most unfortunate habit, inherited from its Latin ancestors, of wanting to govern the nominative case. There is no earthly justification for giving this particular verb the sole right to govern this case.

Another most objectionable mood is the subjunctive mood. It is no earthly use at all, and is only another example of our absurd adoption of Latin institutions. The subjunctive mood in English exists solely for the benefit of certain insignificant words, particularly "if."

You tell a person that "it is raining." That is a plain, straightforward statement. But if you are not sure about it, you have to go to the trouble of asking "if it be raining." Why that insignificant word "if" should have the privilege of throwing your sentences out of gear like that, and making you look and talk like a born idiot into the bargain is more than I can understand.

"Supposing" is another of these pernicious words governing the subjunctive without the slightest title to do so. If you say that you hope you will not be caught in the rain, the other person, if grammatical, will answer, "And supposing you be?" not "Supposing you are." This is a gross injustice to anyone. Why should you "be" anything? Have we not for centuries been content to say "you are"?

What right has the word "supposing" to not only put one to the inconvenience of changing one's comfortable phraseology, but to make you look like a country bumpkin as well? Who is to know that your saying, "you be" is not provoked by your speaking a country dialect? One can imagine a person being socially ruined by saying "you be," and who knows how many promising youths have not been disqualified from employment for using, in their cross-examination by an employer, such a pernicious expression, which is, at the same time, correct.

The only thing to console us is that we are not Romans, Frenchmen, or Germans. At least we can speak of a table without stopping to think whether it is a lady or a gentleman. You can decline a glass of milk without having to rack your brains as to whether you should do it in the dative or the accusative case, and you can call a cab without having, as a Roman would, to put the noun into the vocative.

Professor: "Some of the grandest inventions of the age have been the result of accidental discoveries."

Young Lady: "I can readily believe it. Why, I made an important discovery myself, and it was the purest accident, too."

"I should much like to hear it."

"Why, I found that by keeping a bottle of ink handy, a fountain pen can be used just the same as any other pen—without any of the bother and mess of filling it."

FIVE SHILLINGS A DAY FOR LIFE! A huge price for a simple task. Particulars later.

RAISING A WINDOW.

Simply Wonderful what Results from it.

WHEN a person faints away in a stuffy room, the medicine needed is fresh air.

Nature supplies the remedy, and all one has to do is to apply it. Nature cannot raise the window to let the fresh air in. That is the duty of man. He raises the window, the invigorating air reaches the nostrils of the person in a faint, and he quickly recovers. A little child can apply the remedy just as well as a man.

No man would be foolish enough to claim that it was he who revived the patient, but men often say they cure cases of sickness by giving medicines out of a bottle. They don't do anything of the kind. It is Nature who does the curing. She furnishes the medicine, and all a doctor can do is apply it.

The most that any doctor or any medicine can accomplish is very little. All that can be done is to give Nature some slight assistance, just as in the case of raising the window to let in fresh air to a fainting person. The tendency of Nature is to heal the wounded, restore the sick, and strengthen the weak. Most ailing people would get well anyhow without medicine, but the slight help that

we give makes recovery quicker. A fainting person, you know, would recover without fresh air, but with it recovery is immediate.

Omega Oil alone will not stop pain, but it helps Nature stop it. Omega Oil is intended by Nature to overcome pain exactly like fresh air is intended to overcome faintness. No one can say why fresh air brings back the senses any more than we can tell why Omega Oil stops pain. But we know that in each instance the air and the oil accomplish a certain result beyond question.

Omega Oil is a vegetable liniment to be rubbed into the body through the pores of the skin. It helps to stop the pains in the neck, shoulders, back, hips, legs, knees, ankles, feet. You should remember that the location of the pain is of little consequence. A pain is nothing but a pain, and a remedy that helps to cure a sprain, bruise, swelling, inflammation, or soreness in the neck, will help to cure it in the feet, or anywhere else.

And that is precisely what Omega Oil will do.

The Goodness

of Fels-Naptha soap overcomes every other thought; your money back from your grocer if you don't like it.

bar

Fels-Naptha soap

[illegible] Cellar House Monument London E C

SICK MADE WELL, WEAK MADE STRONG.

Marvellous Elixir of Life Discovered by Famous Doctor Scientist That Cures Every Known Ailment.

Wonderful Cures Are Effected That Seem Like Miracles Performed— The Secret of Long Life of Olden Times Revived.

The Remedy is Free to All Who Send Name and Address.

After years of patient study, and delving into the dusty record of the past, as well as following modern experiments in the realms of medical science, Dr. James W. Kidd, 423 Baltes Building, Fort Wayne, Ind., U.S.A., makes the

DR. JAMES WILLIAM KIDD.

startling announcement that he has surely discovered the elixir of life. That he is able with the aid of a mysterious compound, known only to himself, produced as a result of the years he has spent in searching for this precious life-giving boon, to cure any and every disease that is known to the human body. There is no doubt of the doctor's earnestness in making his claim, and the remarkable cures that he is daily effecting seem to bear him out very strongly. His theory which he advances is one of reason, and based on sound experience in a medical practice of many years. It costs nothing to try his remarkable "Elixir of Life," as he calls it, for he sends it free to anyone who is a sufferer, in sufficient quantities to convince of its ability to cure, so there is absolutely no risk to run. Some of the cures cited are very remarkable, and but for reliable witnesses would hardly be credited. The lame have thrown away crutches and walked about after two or three trials of the remedy. The sick, given up by home doctors, have been restored to their families and friends in perfect health. Rheumatism, neuralgia, stomach, heart, liver, kidney, blood and skin diseases, and bladder troubles disappear as by magic. Headaches, backaches, nervousness, fevers, consumption, coughs, colds, asthma, catarrh, bronchitis, and all affections of the throat, lungs, or any vital organs are easily overcome in a space of time that is simply marvellous.

Partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, dropsy, gout, scrofula and piles are quickly and permanently removed. It purifies the entire system, blood, and tissues, restores normal nerve power, circulation, and a state of perfect health is produced at once. To the doctor all systems are alike and equally affected by this great "Elixir of Life." Send for the remedy to-day. It is free to every sufferer. State what you want to be cured of and the sure remedy for it will be sent you free, by return mail.

Remember, a letter to America from the British Isles requires 2½d. postage. Write your name very plain, and be sure to give your full address, so there can be no mistake in delivery.

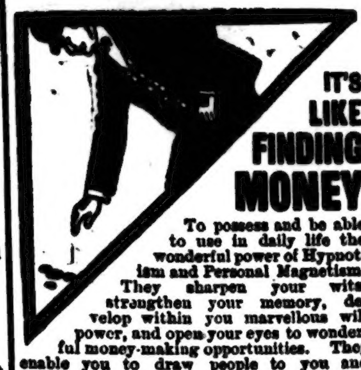
FRILLED BUTTER MUSLIN.

White, Cream, Ecru, and 12 Art Shades. Curtains, frilled two sides and bottom, 3yd. long, 30in. wide, [illegible] per pair. May also be had by the yard, 30in. wide, frilled both sides, 11½d. per yard. Sample Book of Plain and Figured Muslins sent on approval. ROLLER BLINDS, edged with Lace or Fringe, from 4/-. Sample Book of Materials on approval. Roman Carpets, Cretonnes, Tapestries, Art Linens, Art Silks, Plushettes, Art Serges, &c. Patterns sent on approval. Picture Book of Lace Curtains, Roller Blinds, Heavy Curtains, Carpets, Rugs, Linoleum, Quilts, Post Free.

LACE CURTAINS.

Direct from the Warehouse.

THE HAPPY HOME PARCEL.—1 pair elegant Drawing-room Curtains, 4yd. long, 2yd. wide; 1 pair splendid Dining-room Curtains, 3½yd. long, [illegible] wide; 1 pair Breakfast-room Curtains, [illegible] floral style, 3yd. long, 36in. wide; 1 pair pretty Bedroom Curtains, 3yd. long, 40in. wide. ALL KNITTED EDGES. 1 Lace Stand Cover, 3 real Lace Toilet Mats. The lot, carriage paid, 17/6. White or ecru. Such handsome value has never before been offered. Money returned if not approved. Picture Book of Lace Curtains, Roller Blinds, Frilled Curtains, &c., post free. H. Gorringe & Co., 60a Dept., Nottingham.



IT'S LIKE FINDING MONEY

To possess and be able to use in daily life the wonderful power of Hypnotism and Personal Magnetism. They sharpen your wits, strengthen your memory, develop within you marvellous will power, and open your eyes to wonderful money-making opportunities. They enable you to draw people to you and influence them secretly without their knowledge. They put you in touch with the soul forces of man and enable you to break down all barriers to your success. It is this marvellous power of personal influence that made Carnegie, Morgan, Rockefeller and the Vanderbilts the money kings of this country. If you wish to be on the easy side of life; if you want to be pointed out as a successful self-made man or woman, learn to control and direct the minds of others. There is an absolutely sure and simple way, a way that never fails. Our free book tells you how.

A Great Book Free.

Our elegantly illustrated free book tells you how to master the wonderful secrets of Hypnotic influence; how to develop your inward powers so as to become a veritable store-house of vital magnetic energy. It treats of a system of easy drills which are guaranteed to develop your magnetic powers. You do not have to be born magnetic in order to learn how to influence people. Any intelligent person can learn to exert a powerful silent influence over any one he may choose within a short time at his own home. We guarantee success or forfeit One Thousand Dollars in Gold.

Our offer is absolutely genuine. There are no strings to it whatever. We mean just what we say. The book is free. It is the most intensely interesting and remarkable work of the kind ever written. It is endorsed by ministers of the Gospel, prominent professional and business men. It bears directly on your future success in life. It tells how to learn to cure all diseases and bad habits by vital magnetic power. You can perform startling and thrilling scientific experiments which will puzzle and mystify your friends; you can give the most delightful entertainment ever witnessed. Is there no one sick around you whom you would like to restore to perfect health and strength? Would you like to better your condition in life; make more money or rise higher in your business or calling; are you interested in the many marvels of the wonder science of the age? If so, write to-day for a copy of our new book. Remember it is absolutely free. Address,

New York Institute of Science,
Dept. SE14, Rochester, N.Y.

ART IN THE HOME.

Everyone admires CRYSTOLEUM PAINTING with ALSTON'S MEDIUMS, to which 60 Prize Medals have been awarded. Everyone can learn how to do this beautiful work. New book of Instructions, 1/-. Complete Outfit, £1 1s. Glasses, Photographs, and all requisites supplied. No sandpapering necessary. Write for Price List and all particulars of ALSTON'S NEW METHOD. I also teach Pupils by correspondence. Success Guaranteed.—E. ALSTON, Grimshaw Street, Burnley.

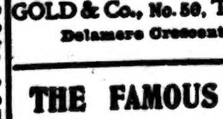
A RARE CHANCE.

FREE! FREE!

We guarantee to give a reliable 5 years guaranteed Timekeeper, or two fashionable Real 18-ct. Gold cased Rings, to every Lady, Gentleman, Boy, or Girl who takes advantage of this genuine advertisement. We do not want your money, and, no matter the cost, we mean to increase the sale of our 1902 Silver Aluminium Thimbles. They are lighter than Silver, never tarnish, and will last a lifetime. Each Thimble is prettily embossed with the inscription "Remember Me," or "Forget Me Not." Send at once your full name and address with promise to sell 24 of these quick sellers at 3d. each or return those unsold. With your letter send 6d. in stamps towards expenses, to show us you mean business. When you have sold the Thimbles, send the balance of 5s. 6d., when we will at once post you the Handsome Present you select, and also tell you how you can make £2 10s. per week regular income.

GOLD & Co., No. 50, The Watch House, Delamere Crescent, London, W.

THE FAMOUS



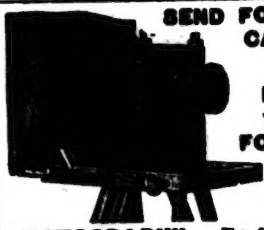
"Mab" Dwarf Razor

The description given of the little "Mab" as the finest shaving implement in the world is confirmed in thousands of testimonials. The "Mab" is rapidly superseding the big clumsy razors hitherto used. Do not accept any not bearing the registered Trade Mark "The Mab," or you will be disappointed.

.. PRICE ..
Black Handle..2/6
Ivory „ ..3/6
PAIR IN CASE.
Black 7/6
Ivory 9/6

Sent Post free same day as ordered.

"MAB" Co., 73, Newhall St., BIRMINGHAM.



SEND FOR THIS CAMERA AND MAKE YOUR FORTUNE.

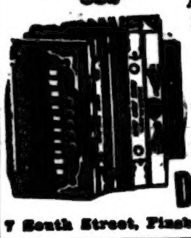
Only 2/6 Weekly.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—The finest pastime and most profitable pleasure on earth. One of these beautiful ¼-plate complete Outfits will establish you a business, and will produce work of the highest class. We enable you to do this practically without any outlay. We send you the Outfit complete as illustrated on receipt of 10/-, with your promise to pay the balance by instalments of 2/6 weekly until 50/- is paid. This is the most gigantic offer yet known. £5 weekly can easily be earned with these Instruments. Write at once.

THE GEM CAMERA CO., BLACKBURN.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

STRING, BRASS, WOOD-WIND, MUSICALBOXES, POLYPHONS, PHONOGRAPHS, ACCORDIONS, &c.



Exceptional VALUE From 4/- per Month. or for CASH. Carriage Paid. Catalogue FREE on receipt of Post-card.

DOUGLAS & CO., 7 South Street, Finsbury LONDON, E.C.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED

One in each district to ride & exhibit Sample Cycle.

1902 Models £2.10 to £5.10

1900 & 1901 Models £1.5 to £3.0

We pay carriage and allow TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Every machine fully warranted. You can EARN A CYCLE by distributing catalogs for us or have the FREE USE of one for a little effort. Write for Catalogs and our special offer, using 2½d stamp or 1d post card. All accessories and sundries half English prices. Send for free sundry catalog. Address Dept. 311A MEAD CYCLE Co. Chicago, U.S.A.

TABLE CUTLERY

1/6 The Set of Three.

54 ARTICLES 25/-

H. SAMUEL'S

CELEBRATED

COMPLETE CUTLERY PARCEL 54 articles for 25/-

WARRANTED to WEAR EQUAL to REAL SILVER THROUGHOUT

1 Butter Dish & Knife	6 Dessert Spoons
6 Table Knives	2 Table Spoons
6 Table Forks	6 Dessert Forks
6 Dessert Knives	1 Pair of Sugar Tongs
6 Tea Spoons	2 MustardSpoons
2 Salt Spoons	6 Egg Spoons
1 Sugar Spoon	1 Bread Knife, &c.

SENT POST FREE FOR P.O. 25s. TOGETHER WITH SET OF CARVERS IN CASE, AS BONUS FREE GIFT.

BUY DIRECT FROM H. SAMUEL AT FACTORY PRICES AND SAVE HALF.

Send a post-card for Free Prize Buyers' Guide, 224 pages of Bargains, in Diamonds, Watches, Rings, Plate, Cutlery, Silver. One month's free trial.

H. SAMUEL Dept. D, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER

PEACH'S LACE CURTAINS

DIRECT FROM THE LOOMS. SEND YOUR ADDRESS for Peach's New Illustrated Catalogue and Buyer's Guide. The most complete List of Lace Goods issued. Exceptional Value in all Departments.

POPULAR PARCEL. 21/- Carriage Paid.

Lot No. 747 contains 1 pair Rich Artistic Lacey Drawing-room Curtains, 4yd. long, 2yd. wide; 2 pairs alike Handsome Dining-room Curtains, Choice Old Lace Design, 3½yd. long, 60in. wide; 1 pair Fancy Floral and Scroll Pattern Bedroom Curtains, 3yd. long, 50in. wide (Curtains may be had all the same pattern, or in Ecru if desired). Also 1 pair new fashionable Sash Curtains, drape gracefully; 1 Guipure Table Centre, Renaissance Design; 1 Handsome Set of Duchesse Toilet Covers, 1 45in. long, 18in. wide, and 5 smaller, fringed edges. The Lot, carriage paid, 21/-. S. PEACH & SONS, Lister Gate, Nottingham. Est. 1857.

ELECTRICITY TAUGHT BY MAIL

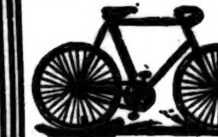
Write for our Free Illustrated Book "CAN I BECOME AN ELECTRICAL ENGINEER?"

We teach Electrical Engineering, Electric Lighting, Electric Railways, Mechanical Engineering, Steam Engineering, Mechanical Drawing, Telephony, Telegraphy, at your home by mail. Institute endorsed by Thos. A. Edison and other prominent men of U. S. and Great Britain.

Remember a letter to New York requires 2½d. postage.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEER INSTITUTE, Dept. 64, 240-242 W. 23rd St., New York, U.S.A.

SILVER QUEEN CYCLES



From 10/- per Month.

Write for Illustrated PRICE LIST, post free. THE SILVER QUEEN CYCLE Co. Ltd., 18 T Gray's Inn Road, London.

WEAK MEN AND WOMEN

Can obtain renewed strength and vigour by the use of "DR. PIERCE'S (LATEST IMPROVED) AMERICAN ELECTRIC BELT" and Appliances. Drugs do not cure. Electricity is the remedy! Buy no Belt until you see "DR. PIERCE'S," for it is the BEST. THOUSANDS CURED!

Call at office or send a 2d. stamp for new "Booklet No. 2." Address—

PIERCE ELECTRIC CO., 10 City Road, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.

Please mention this paper.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD., BELFAST, And 164, 166 & 170, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS

	Bordered. per doz.	Hem-stitched. per doz.
Children's	1/3	
Ladies'	2/3	Ladies' 2/9
Gents'	3/3	Gents' 3/11

Direct from the Manufacturers. Samples and Price Lists Post Free.

"The Irish Cambrics of Messrs. Robinson & Cleaver have a world-wide fame."—The Queen.

LINEN COLLARS, CUFFS, AND SHIRTS.

Collars, Ladies', from 3/6 per doz. Gents' 4-fold, 4/11 per doz. Cuffs for Ladies or Gentlemen from 5/11 per doz.

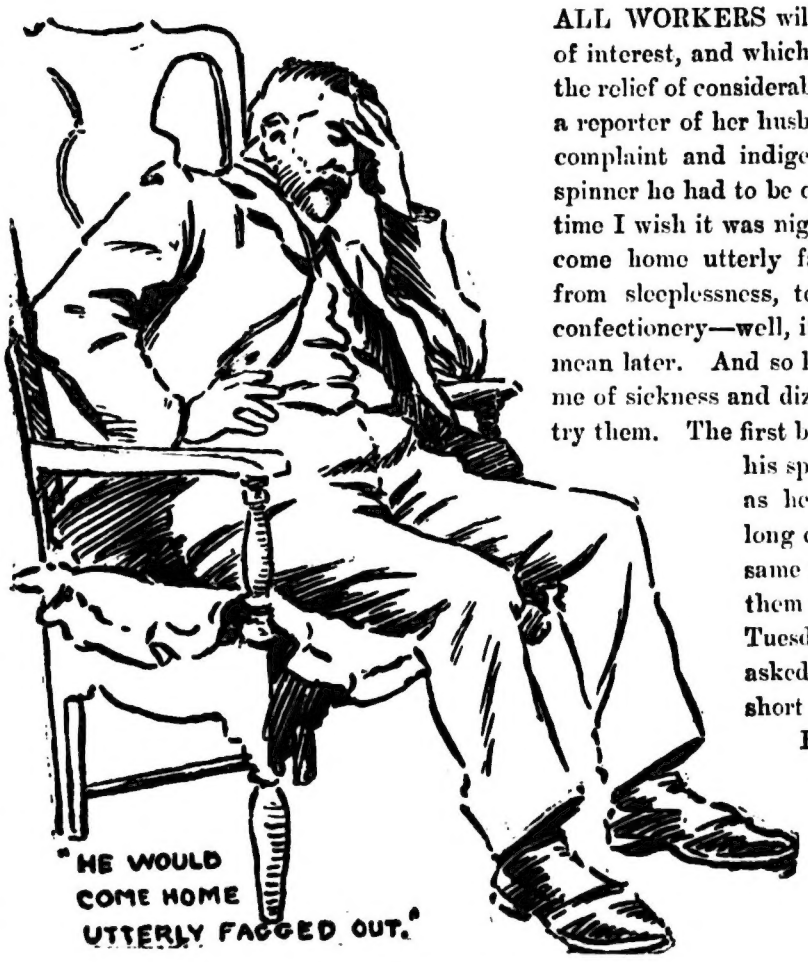
Shirts, Fine quality Long Cloth, 4-fold pure Linen Fronts, 35/6 per ½ doz. (to measure 2/- extra).

"Exquisite quality, most moderate in price."—Myra's Journal.

N.B.—To prevent delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be sent direct to Belfast.

INDIGESTION AND LIVER TROUBLES

COMPLETELY CURED.



ALL WORKERS will find in the story of a Leeds foreman spinner many facts which [illegible] of interest, and which, if allowed to have their proper result, will be the means of lea[illegible] the relief of considerable suffering. Mrs. Thompson—who resides in Geldard Road—speak[illegible] a reporter of her husband's illness, said: "For many years he suffered off and on fr[illegible] complaint and indigestion. He also had spasms, and a bad attack of jaundice. [illegible] spinner he had to be on his feet all day, and he would say to me, 'As soon as it gets [illegible] time I wish it was night, for I can hardly drag myself about.' When night came [illegible] come home utterly fagged out, with no appetite, and no interest in anything. He [illegible] from sleeplessness, too, and pains in the stomach. Anything in the nature of pas[illegible] confectionery—well, if he had the least bit I used fairly to cringe, for I knew what [illegible] mean later. And so he went on week in and week out. Now, Bile Beans for Bilious[illegible] me of sickness and dizziness, and when he saw that I had been cured by their use he [illegible] try them. The first box alone did him pounds of good. Soon after beginning to ta[illegible] his spasms stopped altogether. Then he ceased having pains after [illegible] as he continued to take the medicine regularly the tired feeling h[illegible] long complained of left him entirely. At the present time he is no[illegible] same man. They have worked wonders for him, and he is now recom[illegible] them to everybody. I recommended them to my married daughter, [illegible] Tuesday she bought a box. I saw her next on the following Monday, [illegible] asked her if she felt any better. Although she had only taken them [illegible] short a time, she replied: 'I do; they've done me good already.'"

Bile Beans for Biliousness are a purely vegetable preparation, which [illegible] youngest child, the most delicate woman, or the most debilitated invalid may take without fear. For loss of energy and appetite and [illegible] ailments they are a speedy remedy; and have become the most effective of all known medicines for indigestion, liver and kidney com-plaints, anæmia, constipation, piles, dizziness, depression, insomnia, headache, and all female ailments.

Pimples and Face Sores.

In how many instances do we see otherwise perfect features, if not wholly repulsive, at least altogether uninviting, by unsightly pimples and face sores! Persons so afflicted are entitled to very little consideration, inasmuch as their troubles are almost entirely due to their own negligence. The impure matter in the blood is striving to escape, and, as a consequence, pimples and face sores are produced. Though the eye cannot observe them, the skin contains thousands of minute blood vessels called capillaries. When, through impurities in the blood, the little vessels become clogged, pimples and face sores result. Cosmetics and such-like preparations may hide the appearance of the pimples, but they do not touch the source. They merely, as it were, drive the cause into the system, which must again come to the surface, and the pimples return. It will, therefore, be seen that the only effective way in which to deal with such disfigurements—and disfigurements they really are—is to go to the root of them; and this can only be done by the liver and various digestive organs being acted upon, to enable them to clear all waste matter out of the body, and thereby purify the blood. BILE BEANS are specially calculated to have this effect, as they act directly upon the liver and cause it to create the bile, the natural purgative of the body, and thus ensure a safe, sure, and speedy remedy.

Nervousness.

There is nothing more troublesome in men and more inconvenient in women than nervousness. To "jump" when spoken to unexpectedly, or to drop an article to the floor because startled by some trivial cause, is most unpleasant. Acute nervousness is frequently accompanied by palpitation of the heart, weakness and anæmia; and if not properly attended to, may rapidly develop into one of the more dangerous forms of the disease, which frequently result in paralysis or death. Ordinarily, however, all that is required is some wholesome tonic which will put the digestive organs, liver, and kidneys, and through them, the blood, into proper order. Bile Beans supply this want. They stimulate the digestive organs so that nourishing food can be taken, put the liver and kidneys in order, and enable them to extract from the blood substances which are highly detrimental to health if not so extracted. By this means anæmia and gradual weakening of the nerves is prevented, and new nerve tissue built up. Perseverance with the Beans will be found to lead to complete restoration of tone to the nervous system, and will bring about the disappearance of all the unpleasant sensations of nervousness.

Bile Beans for Biliousness

are a certain cure for Liver Complaints, Piles, Indigestion, Female Weakness, Fainting Fits, Rheumatism, [illegible], Liver Chill, Spring Ailments, Vertigo, [illegible] of Dizziness, Biliousness, Flatulence, Pains in the Chest, Loins or Feet, Headache, Female Irregularities, [illegible], Neuralgia, and the host of ailments having a common origin in impurity of the blood, a general condition of the system, and loss of vital force.

Obtainable from all Chemists, or post free, if this paper is mentioned, from the Bile Bean Manufacturing Co., 119 and 120 London Wall, London, upon receipt of prices, 1/1½ per box (2/9 box contains three times [illegible] size). Bile Beans are sold in [illegible] sealed boxes, never loose.

Bile Beans FOR Biliousness

SAMPLE BOX FREE.

The proprietors have so much faith in the efficacy of Bile Beans that they will forward a sample box free, and a book on liver and digestive ailments, if you send your name and address, and a penny stamp (to cover return postage) along with the accompanying coupon, to the Bile Bean Manufacturing Co.'s Central Distributing Depot, Greek Street, Leeds.

FREE SAMPLE COUPON.
"PEARSON'S WEEKLY"
April 10th, 1902.